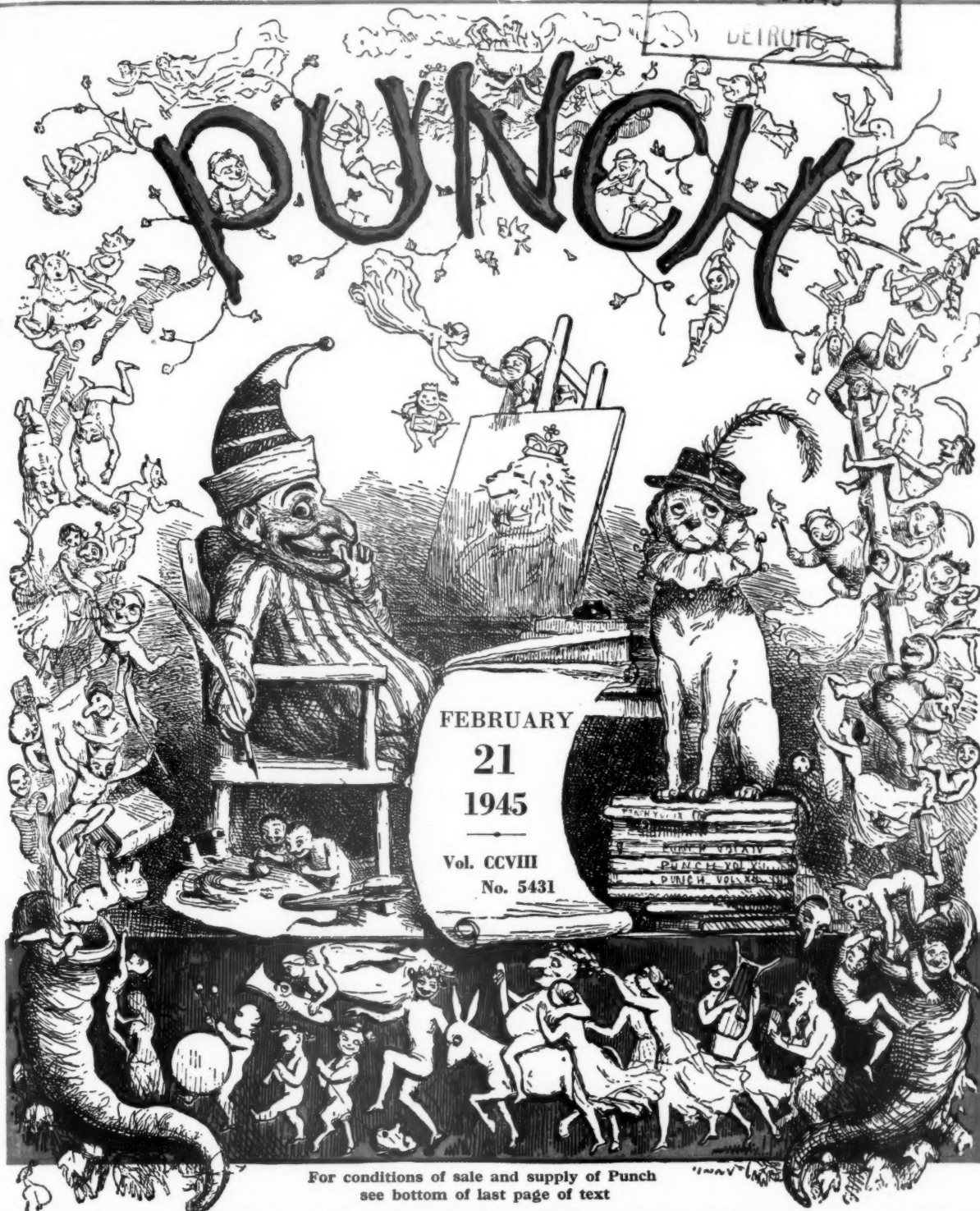


# HUNTLEY & PALMERS - *the first name you think of in* BISCUITS

APR 2 1945

DETROIT




For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please






# Liberty indicates

the latest developments in fashionable footwear for smart women. Considerations of long life and perfect comfort, too, are never forgotten either. When you buy Liberty, you get the smartest as well as the most economical shoes you can obtain anywhere. Like all good things, Liberty Shoes are scarce. War conditions sometimes delay deliveries.

Walk with Liberty



Liberty Shoes Ltd.  
LEICESTER.



## AN ESSENTIAL OF WARTIME DIET

Stored in this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable

in a wartime diet. A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil—one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins—will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during this sixth winter of war.

## CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per carton of 100—8/6 Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-



ESSE Major Cookers in a Canteen Kitchen.

## Esse raises the standard of Canteen Cooking

Esse Cooking Equipment can always be relied upon to get the very best out of everything cooked—flavour, food value and maximum quantity. In the roomy, fume-free ovens of the ESSE Major Heat

Storage Cooker the quickly sealed meat retains its essential natural juices. Cleanliness in operation, amazing Fuel Economy and constant readiness for action are among ESSE's many other advantages

### THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd.

Established 1854.

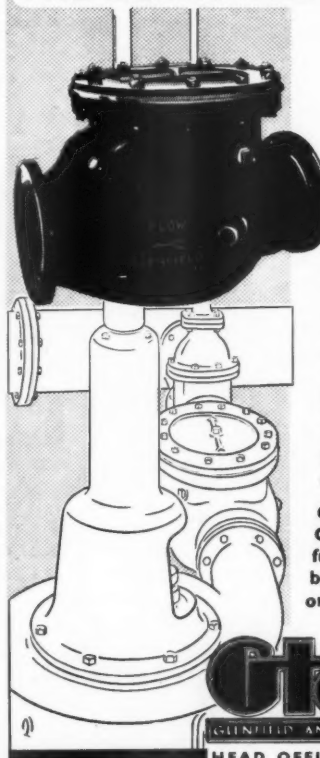
Head Office and Works: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.

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The Glenfield Recoil Valve is a non-return valve evolved and perfected by us for water systems in which reversals of flow can be too rapid to allow any standard reflux valve to be used.

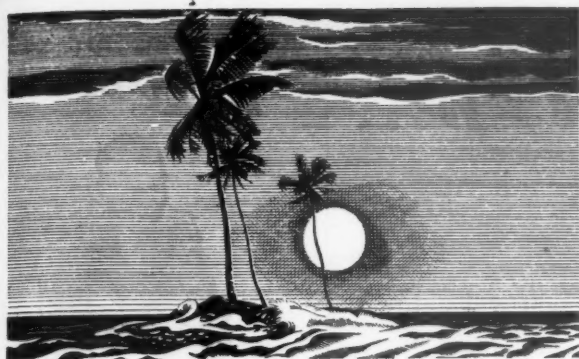
Actual service in conditions of abnormal severity has fully proved that Glenfield Recoil Valves are silent in action. They neither mask nor conceal, but actually prevent, both slamming and water hammer.

Our technical publication, "The Glenfield Recoil Valve," gives full details. Copies may be had by responsible enquirers post free on application.

# Glenfield

GLENFIELD AND KENNEDY LIMITED KILMARNOCK

HEAD OFFICE: KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND



### The Isle that Grew from the Sea

A little land above the surface of the sea; white surf and leaning palms . . . but underneath, out of sight, the foundations go down deep and wide to the bed of the ocean.

So, too, with great industrial organisations like that of Philips. Their achievements

and the high reputation of Philips products are broad-based on persistent research, skilled technicians, highly-developed factories and long-accumulated knowledge and experience of the application of electricity to the needs of the modern world.

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LAMPS ★ RADIO ★ X-RAY  
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AND ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

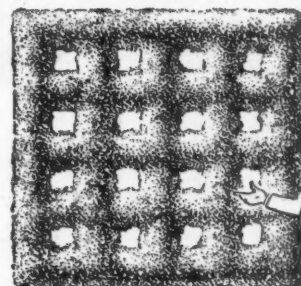


PHILIPS LAMPS LIMITED, CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.2 (100m)



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'Think of a honeycomb  
flaky and sweet—'



MR. FREAN

'Peek Frean's Pastry Waffle's  
a wonderful treat!'



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BRITAIN'S CRISPEST BISCUITS



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PEEK FREAN & CO. LTD.

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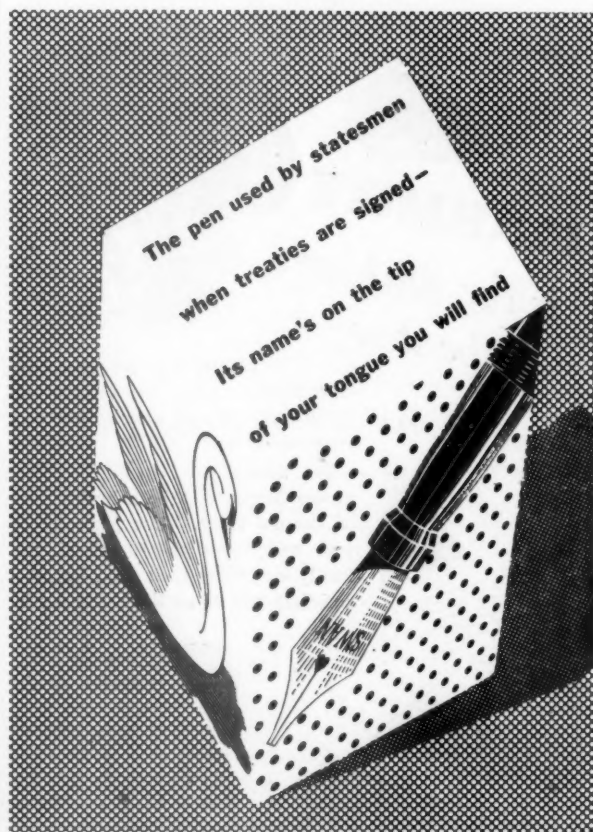
A Great Name in  
Good China

EVERY day brings further proof of the satisfaction of owners of Spode. They have confirmed with growing appreciation that in these days of short supplies, the durability of this famous ware, which has its origin in fine craftsmanship, has seen them through.

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SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



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RESTRICTS  
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May conditions  
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**KUNZLE**  
Chocolates and  
Cakes available  
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After five years of war THIS  
TRADE - MARK still means



THE  
PERFECT  
COLLAR  
FOR  
COMFORT  
AND  
STYLE

In spite of all the difficulties of war-time manufacture, and shortage of supplies, 'Van Heusen' collars have maintained their supreme reputation for comfort and style. Men in the Services who have worn them through the war years will find the same qualities when they buy their first "Civvy Street" 'Van Heusen' collars! Coupon-shortage makes them an essential choice, too! Moreover, they do not shrink.

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SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

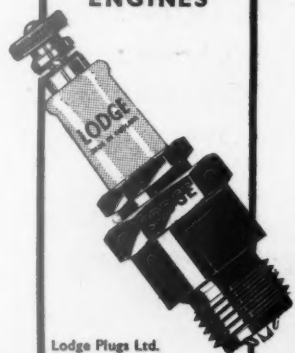
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THE  
SPARKING PLUG  
APPROVED FOR

**ALL**

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OPERATIONAL  
AIRCRAFT  
ENGINES



Lodge Plugs Ltd.  
Rugby, England

## Mrs. Beeton BEETLED...



RECIPE FOR A BATHROOM BEAKER:—

"Take some moulding powder (Beetle resin plus finely ground paper plus pigment plus secret ingredients), place in a steel mould, apply hydraulic pressure, and cook with steam until ready."

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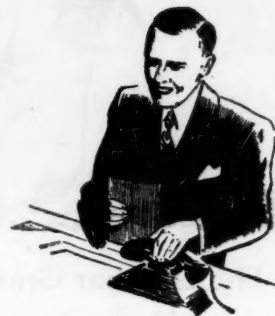
When the moulding powder is heated through the resin becomes liquid and flows into every part of the mould. It then "cures" or sets — and stays set. The plastic resin in the powder has bound all the other ingredients together into a hard, permanent, indissoluble whole.

Here you have a perfectly simple principle which can be applied to binding many kinds of materials into many kinds of finished products — a principle that has made possible weatherproof cardboard, waterproof paper, brilliant unfadable fabrics and even the famous Mosquito aircraft.



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I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO  
*nerves*



Sufferers from nerve-strain derive immediate benefit from the nightly cup of Allenbury's Diet. This delicious food-drink is made from fresh creamy milk and whole wheat. It soothes digestion and brings restful sleep, enabling tired nerves to relax and recover their normal tone. Allenbury's Diet is pre-digested in manufacture and is easily assimilated.

4/6 a tin (temporarily in short supply)

**Allenbury's  
DIET**

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd  
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**MARMITE**  
*is the making  
of the stew*

Marmite is the yeast food extract which adds delicious flavour to all soups, stews, gravy, meat and vegetable dishes.

Its ascertained vitamin content proves Marmite to be a health food of definite value. Use Marmite in your everyday cooking, and all the family will enjoy their food better — and they will be all the better for it.

**MARMITE** A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B<sub>2</sub> complex.  
Riboflavin 1.5 mg. per ounce  
Niacin 16.5 mg. per ounce  
In Jars: 1 oz. 8d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6 from all Grocers and Chemists



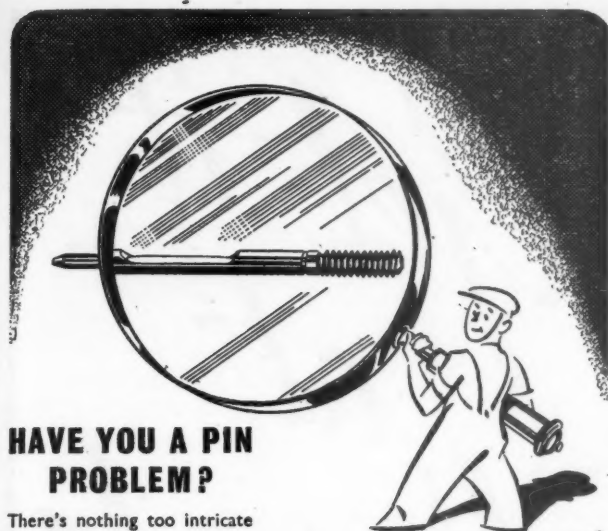
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Finest Scotch Whisky

OF RARE DISTINCTION  
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There's nothing too intricate for us to tackle as this pin illustrated shows:—

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Length 1.5  
T.P.I. 63  
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they measure both feet**



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**SMOOTH PASTE CLEANSER**

*keeps hands soft as velvet*

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GUMTION PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.C.1

**SMOOTH AS A FINE LIQUEUR-**

**Wardonia**

**Blades** FOR BETTER SHAVES.



## But, sir, you did say BULLY TINS . . .

What the chairman expected to see were the Fuel Efficiency *Bulletins* on boiler-house economies, to make sure for himself and the Board that everything possible was being done by and for their own firemen. The moral is twofold. Miss Malaprop must write at once for another set (Nos. 1, 2, 9, 10, 20 and 27). And you mustn't let another day pass without satisfying yourself that any fuel-saving job you delegated is being well and truly done.

The underlying formula in many notable cases of fuel economy is Fuel Bulletins plus Fuel Watching. Read the following:—

**A LARGE BLOCK OF OFFICES**, using fuel only for space heating, consumes little more than half the former annual tonnage as a result of (i) shortening the grates of the Lancashire boilers to maintain the burning

rate as nearly as possible at 15 lb. per sq. ft.; (ii) carefully banking the boiler fires at night; (iii) the use of thermostatic control to maintain an even temperature of about 60 deg. F.



**HOW THE BULLETINS CAN HELP YOU.** The latest specialised knowledge on almost every conceivable fuel subject is at your finger-tips in the Fuel Efficiency Bulletins. If you've mislaid your copies, apply now to the nearest Regional Office of the Ministry.

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

## Silent Strength



FROM YOUR  
RETAILER—

**Patton's**

**SHOE & BOOT LACES**

WM. PATON LTD · JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



**WE'RE  
COMING BACK  
ALL RIGHT..**

**WHEN PEACE  
RETURNS  
SO WILL YOUR  
FAVOURITE—**

**IDRIS**

**THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK**

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY  
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



At Mrs. Robertson's At Home they actually told the tea cups! "Why! Emily, my dear, I can see such a handsome Volunteer in yours. Yes, it's wedding bells, I'm sure." Over the maté tea and Romary Biscuits, what happy events were predicted. To-day, we too can predict future happiness—the return of more abundant supplies of Romary's Tunbridge Wells Water Biscuits—Wheaten Biscuits—Cocktail Biscuits—Ginger Nuts and Honey Sake.

**ROMARY**  
*'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits*

*Get it  
at  
Harrods*

**HARRODS LTD**

**LONDON SW1**

TAKE A TEASPOONFUL  
OF BOVRIL AND ST...

**BOVRIL**  
MANUFACTURED BY  
BOVRIL LTD LONDON  
ENGLAND

A stimulating cup of hot Bovril keeps you warm and braces your body against chills. The war has changed many familiar things, but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

**Keep warm on  
BOVRIL**

*In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.; 2 oz. 1½d.; 4 oz. 2½d.; 8 oz. 3½d.; 16 oz. 6½d.*



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5431

February 21 1945

## Charivaria

GERMANY still claims to have the initiative in withdrawing from the advances Moscow will not admit.

"Japan will not declare war on Russia," says a correspondent. It seems hardly likely. Look what happened when she didn't declare war on China and America.



German officers captured during an American attack and conveyed to a prison camp by jeep were much shaken by the preliminary bombardment too.

"Much of the salmon's life remains a mystery," an angling paper declares. But many an angler comes home with some cast-iron clues.

"About 700 old people whose ages aggregated 511,000 years, were entertained at a party at Southend."—*Essex paper*. None too soon.

German Ministries have evacuated skeleton staffs. They have had no difficulty in finding cupboard-room for them.

Hitler is expected to counter the Allies by announcing his Big One meeting almost any day now.

Tokyo is beginning to fear that McArthur will continue to hold the trump cards however often it reshuffles its pack.

Latest reports from Berlin suggest that half the Nazi officials are training the crowds while the other half are crowding the trains.



A Londoner has had the same seat in a restaurant for lunch since 1910. We understand that it affords one hundred per cent. visibility of the umbrella-stand.

The *Economist* says that the national housing plan is in danger of disappearing from sight. As we thought. They're going to build all round it.

It is claimed that Food Ministry slogans have been very successful. Consider the original exhortation to eat more potatoes. Evidently we did.

A correspondent complains that he is never able to get a really close shave. No? Reluctant risers often catch their trains by this method.

There are now queues at dentists' surgeries. Kerbside entertainers report that it is extremely difficult to coax them into community singing.

Vacuum cleaners will not go into production till six months after the war. So there is still time for canvassers to buy up the remaining ones while prices are high enough to tempt their future customers to sell.

"If a Red Army man, he says, sees an Officer sitting in a tram he gets up and offers him his seat."—*From a book review*. Sheer persecution!

Owing to labour shortage the plumber's mate nowadays is very often a mere boy. An indignant householder says that one of these lads on seeing the cistern in the attic went back to get his skates.



## The Last Citadel

(Lines provoked by the sight of a block of "Luxury Flats" in wintry weather and in time of war.)

"OH, Messrs. Pither, Potworthy and Pyne—  
Fit agents for this awful pile," I said  
"How it must grieve you that the pomps decline  
And half the glory is evanished!

"Unbombed, but not unscathed. In vain one scans  
The curving drives around the pleasant greens  
For lines of long obsequious tradesmen's vans  
And rows of amaranthine limousines.

"But tattered tenants upon weary feet  
Up grimy stairs pursue their arduous way,  
The lift has stuck—there is no light, nor heat,  
The soot-marred windows scarce let in the day.

"The infrequent porter hails with anxious shout  
The roving taxicabs that never stop,  
Too seldom are the dust-bins emptied out,  
And grave old men fare forth with bags to shop."

But Messrs. Pither, Potworthy and Pyne  
Standing beside me seemed to say "Not so!  
The worshippers remain, though dim the shrine,  
Poor creatures, they have nowhere else to go.

"Sadly they plod the neighbouring streets and yearn  
For cheaper tenements, far better run,  
All, all are filled. Then homeward they return  
In time to get their boiled potatoes done.

"They have no comforts and they have no coals,  
We cannot give the service that we gave,  
But still we house the miserable souls,  
And think, oh, think of it! how much we save.

"For when they grumble that the pipes are cracked  
We charge them twice the rent we charged before,  
Being outside the Rent Restriction Act,  
We sell them nothing. But they pay us more."

EVOE.

## Challenge Match

WHEN our chummy-ship (familiarily known as H.M.S. *Wallflower* in recognition of her marked reluctance to go to sea) challenged us to a football match, many and awful were the preliminaries.

*Wallflower* was lying at the next buoy to us, and the formalities were conducted by semaphore-flags. The actual conversations began in this way:

*Wallflower*. We challenge you to a football match.

*Us*. Hang on. I will fetch the skipper. (Pause.) Carry on.

*Wallflower* (patiently). We challenge you to a football match.

*Us* (suspiciously). Where are you going to get a ball?

*Wallflower* (untruthfully). It is all laid on.

*Us*. We will call you back.

There was then an interval during which our crew was rounded up and interrogated regarding its acquaintance with football. There proved to be six active players and

two confirmed spectators, and we considered this nucleus justification for accepting, which we did thus:

*Us*. On your own head be it.

*Wallflower*. Good. Suggest next make-and-mend.

*Us*. Your suggestion approved.

That was the end of the semi-official signals. After that they became unofficial, all our ratings practically queueing up for their turn at the flags to offer threats, advice, prophecy, and commiserations to our antagonists. A.B. Short, indeed, evolved an insult so long and complicated that he would not entrust it to the flags, preferring to paddle over in a Carley-float and deliver it in person.

To my relief we found we had a full team without my own inclusion. At least, I was courteously offered a place, the Cox'n (now promoted to football captain) saying, "I s'pose you don't want to play, sir? If you do it'll mean dropping Jones." I gathered that I should be forgiven if I declined. I declined. The First Lieutenant, who was put into the team without even being asked, began to put on airs to me, and I was compelled to reduce his self-esteem in one of the many thousands of ways known to C.O.s in dealing with their Number Ones.

By way of training, a brief P.T. course was instituted, with sessions twice daily in the tank-hold. Number One was in charge, and they appeared to consist chiefly of deep-breathing, this being the one you always fall back on while you are trying to think what on earth exercise to give them next. *Wallflower* assembled on their bridge to watch in a spirit of derision, and to laugh at us scornfully—which they did in turns, through the megaphone.

On the day appointed for the match semi-officialdom returned to the semaphore-flags first thing after breakfast, *Wallflower* appearing to have something on its mind, and the conversations were resumed thus:

*Wallflower*. What about a ball and a pitch?

*Us*. We thought it was all laid on.

*Wallflower*. This is no time for idle recriminations. (N.B.—When semaphoring a long word you are rather apt to forget half-way through how far you have got with it.)

*Us*. P.S.B. for C.O. (Second N.B.—P.S.B. means Please Send Boat, and is a signal that produces a boat about once for every thirty times you make it.)

The skipper of *Wallflower* sculled over in his dinghy for a conference. In the upshot, we both rowed across to a neighbouring flak-ship and interviewed the Commanding Officer. This of course was my inspiration. Yes—his Marines had a match on that afternoon, and we might certainly follow on and use the pitch and their ball—if, the C.O. added with some doubt, there was any ball left after his Jollies had finished with it. We repaired on board.

At 1300 both craft remembered that the match was going to leave us practically bankrupt of watchkeepers to remain aboard. Frantic flashing round the harbour flushed a craft of our flotilla with an awesome total of no fewer than eight men under punishment for leave-breaking. We borrowed two a-piece. The match was still on.

At 1500 the afternoon trot-boat had taken us ashore and we were on the football field watching the Marines expertly wiping up the Marines from the trot-boat service. At 1545 we took the field, after some argument with the Marines, who didn't know anything about the arrangement, and who said they had lost footballs like that before.

At 1600 the great kick-off took place before the bored apathy of the Marines. Half had remained to watch not so much out of enthusiasm for the game in store as out of dark concern for their ball: the trot-boat Marines because they were rather hoping to half-inch the ball themselves.

At 1605 their bored apathy was gone and they were yelling many of the ruder forms of ribaldry at both teams



**THE NEGLECTED CHILD**

"I thought that ghost was laid for ever."



"Progress or no, somebody'll ALWAYS crop up with roots in the past . . ."

impartially. One could see their point. It was not football at its most brilliant. Everybody was rather out of training. As referee I was probably showing better speed and stamina than anybody.

At 1610 the spectators could stand it no longer, and invaded the pitch. It was a terrifying spectacle, being an almost exact replica of that notorious Wembley Cup Final of many years ago. The referee called a halt as soon as he had found enough breath to blow his whistle.

At 1620 the game had restarted with twenty-two men aside—the Royal Navy versus the Royal Marines.

The actual result is immaterial. . . .

There is still considerable signalling about this match going on between *Wallflower* and ourselves. Each craft openly attributes the final score to the co-operation of the other. *Wallflower* laments that had it not been for our assistance she would have sent the Jollies home with their tails between their legs. Our own view is that we put up a pretty good show considering we were up against thirty-three men. *Wallflower* says (unofficially) we let them down a stinker. We say (unofficially) *Wallflower* would miss if it tried to kick a kite-balloon.

To put it simply, each craft reckons the other to be decidedly inferior at football. There is talk of organizing a football match to settle the matter.

## Second Sight

**T**HEY who had seen such beautiful things in their time,

The treasures of continents liberally laid before them—

Spring in the south of France, Florence in June,  
The glories of Greece, the secrets of Egypt's tombs,  
Kings in their coaches riding in proud processions,  
Yachts floating white in rich blue tropic seas,  
Peacocks on summer lawns by rose pink castles,  
Court halls, cathedrals, Paris and Samarkand—

They who had seen such beautiful things in their time,

Whose eyes had been ever blessed by loveliness,  
Stood still, amazed, at the top of the Edgware Road,  
And looked at the tiny trembling newborn lights  
Casting their pitiful glow on the greasy streets,  
Casting their small pale pools on the furtive kerb;  
Stood still, in silence, speechless with adoration.

And their eyes, betrayed, were suddenly filled with tears,  
Not having seen such beautiful things for a long time.

V. G.



## Robin Fails to Lay Egg.

**D**URING the cold weather in January, when the snow lay immovably over the fields and every branch and twig was thickly encrusted with rime, the call of duty took me four times a day past the home of a middling-sized robin. I used to have a word with him sometimes, when I had a moment to spare.

"Hullo, Robin," I used to say, or sometimes more familiarly "Hullo, old chap." But for one reason or another he never seemed to have the time for a word with me. A silent bird.

One day, with half an hour to spare and a piece of toast in my overcoat pocket, I decided to study this bird. Nature writers like Frances Pitt—or Richard Jefferies if you like—think nothing of watching a bird for half an hour and reporting in some detail everything it does. I thought I would do the same thing.

He was sitting on a strand of wire when I arrived, looking a bit blue about the beak. Of course I use the word "sitting" in the broadest sense. A bird doesn't "sit," as we do, with its legs sticking out in front of it, least of all on a strand of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wire. It balances on its feet in a way which can only be described, I suppose, as standing, though that word gives just the impression I am trying to avoid. It is difficult to get the picture of what that bird was actually doing clearly in your mind. But anyway, there he was.

He put his head on one side and looked at me. A bird is bound to do this if he wants to look at something, on account of the configuration of the head and the setting of the eyes. The human eye, on the other hand, is set more in the front of the face (usually in the upper half) so that there is not the same need for an oblique regard. This gives the bird-watcher an advantage over the bird right at the start.

When the robin had looked at me for three and a half minutes he hopped clean round on the wire—a 360 degrees' traverse—with some idea, I think, that this would bring his other eye to bear. But of course he simply fetched up in exactly the same position as before, with no advantage to either side. I made a note of this.

When we had watched each other for a total of five minutes forty-three seconds he made a sudden spring on to a twig about six inches above and slightly to the right of his perch on the wire, looked at his right foot, opened his beak soundlessly and hopped down to the wire again.

I don't know why he did this. Probably there was nothing deliberate behind the manoeuvre, only an instinctive jump up and then a more or less retrograde step down again. An eagle will often stand first on one leg and then on the other without any apparent reason for the change.

I made a note of this.

When I threw a piece of toast on the ground the robin put his head over on the other side and looked at it with his unstrained eye. I assume, that is, that the other eye had been resting all this time; but I am far from clear in my mind whether a bird can concentrate all his attention on one eye and just let the other take nothing in, or whether each eye is looking all the time at an entirely different picture. If he really does have to cope with two quite different views at the same time, then I can't for the life of me see how he knows where he is or which way he is going. You might ask the same question about a horse, given the opportunity.

I threw another piece of toast on the ground.

Stale toast thrown down on fresh snow sinks in a surprising distance, so that a robin can't see it at all unless he stands immediately over the hole and cocks his head at an angle of 90 degrees to the vertical. Fresh toast thrown on stale snow remains on the top, but isn't very good for the birds, who like something hard to bite on. Stale toast on stale snow would be best, probably, but one has to take things as they come.

As soon as I threw the second piece of toast the robin put his head on the other side again, i.e., he was now back in the position he first thought of. I made a note of this, and threw another piece of toast, making three.

Few robins can refuse three pieces of toast. Thrushes and jackdaws very often take no notice at all of as many as thirty or forty pieces, and I remember one year at a little place near Innsbruck throwing a hundred and ninety-seven pieces of seed-cake at a linnet of sorts without getting any response. But three pieces will fetch most robins. It might have fetched this one if he hadn't looked the other way, without warning, just as I threw the third piece.

This angered me, so that I threw all that remained of the toast with great force on to the snow, where it was immediately lost to view. The interview then terminated. The robin, as they say, went back to his life and I went back to mine.

It seems to me, looking back through my notes, that Frances Pitt—or Richard Jefferies, if you will—would have made rather more of the whole affair. The robin, had they been there, would have laid an egg or performed some sort of weird tribal dance. But there it is. I can only report the thing as I saw it.

H. F. E.

### Cosy Corner

"GENT. (51), independent, live in kitchen with widow; no others."—*Adst. in Liverpool Echo.*

## PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

### AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

I have audited the books of the PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND for the year ended 31st December 1944, with the vouchers relating thereto.

I certify that the whole of the expenses of administering the Fund have been defrayed by the Proprietors of PUNCH and that all payments made from the Fund have been for the purchase of goods for distribution.

(Sgd.) J. G. MESSENGER,

37 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Chartered Accountant,  
1st February, 1945. Auditor.

Mr. Punch would like to take this opportunity of thanking all Subscribers to his Fund. Their great generosity has made it possible to send cigarettes and large quantities of warm materials for making up into comforts, not only for British men and women, but also for the men and women of the Allies. There is an immense amount still to do and more money is urgently needed. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

## The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

### I—A Meteor is Born.

**W**HAT outward sign does the world give, I sometimes ask myself, to mark the dawn of its midst? How did Nature acclaim the birth of Julius Caesar, of Napoleon, Nelson—or my sister Mipsie? As regards the last-named, I like to think—for I have ever had a poet's mind—that the famous Balder pink night-ingales sang a gayer roundelay that June morning, that the roses in my mother's celebrated moss rose garden threw off their modest veils for a spell and laughed up at the sun, and that the harebells in the park—it was noted for these lovely flowers, which grew fully three inches high and were of the most beautiful harebell-blue—rang a merry peal that day; a pean of praise for Mipsie.

Indeed, I have often thought that she had something in common with those great men I have mentioned. Like Caesar, whenever she came and saw, she conquered. Like Napoleon, her material gains in Europe were immense. As for Nelson—well, he wore his sleeve pinned on his heart: Mipsie's critics used to say she wore her heart on her sleeve, so frank and impulsive was her nature. So they too have a link, after a century, as I feel sure they would have had if belonging to the same generation. I cannot imagine Mipsie being beaten by a housemaid—especially one without a reference like Emma Hamilton. But I must return to my biography.

Lady Millicent Bertha Geraldine Arabella FitzTartan Coot, 3rd daughter of the 13th Earl Coot, was born at Coots Balder on June 19th 1871. She was, I think, the only one of us who was not held up for the hounds to sniff, and curiously enough, though love of the chase is part of her very being, and I know her seat has been praised by many competent judges, she alone of our family seems born, I sometimes think, for some softer support than the saddle. She was lovely even as a baby, apparently, with blue eyes like—as my mother said—a misty sea. I, overhearing the words, repeated them in my childish lisp, "Mip-sea"—and the name became a bedside word in five continents.

Mipsie's godparents included one royal sponsor—an old custom in our family—Princess Bertha of Vienna-Schnitzel, Lady Geraldine (Diney) Colquhoulquhoun (pronounced Coon),

Admiral Lord Doomsday, and dear old Sir Ludovic FitzTartan.

The latter was something of a character. His favourite hobbies were shooting bees (at which he became extremely proficient, though he never, I believe, actually hit one) and breeding racing cockroaches. I shall never forget staying at Sporrin Castle, and the thrill of seeing the fascinating little creatures scuttling away from a strong light which was switched on at the starting point of the beautiful course which Sir Ludo had specially constructed for them. All the cockroaches' backs were painted different gay colours, like jockeys, and excitement ran high when his guests used to back their favourite runner. But unluckily his best stud cockroach (painted gold) escaped one day into the kitchen, and thereafter the castle became so infested that Lady FitzTartan, who had long-sufferingly submitted for years to having the cockroach "stables" at the foot of their bed, at last put her own foot down, and her husband's life's work had to be abandoned.

Sir Ludo was devoted to his god-child and spoilt her outrageously. I remember well one time when he happened to be staying at Coots Balder, and Mipsie lost the beautiful diamond pendant which he had given her at her christening. (She had been dressing up her dolls in jewels!) She appeared suddenly in the drawing room, flung herself on her godfather's knees and confessed the disaster. He comforted her lovingly, promising to give her another pendant just like the lost treasure. Mipsie looked up at him roguishly through her wet eyelids. "Mipsie bigger girl now—bigger diamonds," she said. How Sir Ludo roared! But he took the hint, and the new pendant was proportionately larger to match Mipsie's five years. The strange thing was that the original jewel turned up again not long afterwards, inside a doll's leg. Those kind of lucky coincidences were always happening to Mipsie, who certainly had all the good fairies present at her christening.

And what a christening it was! I was too young to remember it, but it was, I am told, one of the most brilliant functions of the season. Special trains were run to Little Balder station, which was festooned in yellow and black—the Coot colours—so that "it was just like crawling out into a gigantic

wasps' nest," as some admirer said. In addition there was a Pullman car to bring down dear Admiral Doomsday, who was crippled with gout but who went everywhere in his famous bath-chair shaped like a fo'c'sle. This magnificent but somewhat ungainly vehicle was engineered into the reception, and the Admiral, who was a great raconteur and a very popular figure in any gathering, sat like a sultan, drinking champagne diluted with brandy (for he was forbidden wine by his doctors) out of a silver tankard, keeping everyone in fits by his witty sallies. Suddenly he surprised the assembled company by rising and actually walking, though rather unsteadily, over to Mipsie, who was holding a rival court in her nurse's arms. The Admiral drew nearer—then, before anyone could stop him, he seized a full bottle of champagne and crying out: "Come, let's launch this neat little craft!" swung it over his shoulder and crashed it down on the baby's head!

It was a terrible moment. My mother screamed, and more than one brave man fainted, I am told. But Mipsie holds a charmed life. By an incredible stroke of luck the bottle broke the nurse's arm instead, while Mipsie lay almost untouched, crowing and gurgling with delight as the champagne poured over her tiny face into her mouth. Thus, with a miracle, began the career of one of the famous beauties and outstanding personalities of our time, whose sister I am proud to be, and whose romantic and vivid life-history I am privileged to write in these pages. M. D.

## Bitter Blows the Wind

**I**T was one of those provincial railway stations that look as if they had been designed in an irreverent moment by a journeyman plumber. It was quite a big station, and at the time of which we are speaking it contained a large gathering of citizens all of whom would have preferred having their supper in front of a nice fire to waiting in an east wind for an improbable train. On Platform 4 a stout brigadier and I were whiling away the time, as strangers will, by exchanging ideas on the benefits of pig manure.

"Give me a good medium loam to start with," declared the brigadier, "and there's nothing to touch it."

"I go with you all the way, sir," I assured him heartily, "with the sole reservation that——"

"Hush!" cried the brigadier, raising a hand like a Bath chap. "Intelligence."

"This is Nonesuch Junction, Nonesuch Junction here," the loud-speakers blared. "It has the distinction of being the ugliest and least convenient railway station in the British Isles, and that is saying quite a lot. Some of you may not be aware that the dastard who built it afterwards cut his wife into slices with a mowing-machine and escaped to the Bahamas, there to eke out a distasteful existence in a hollow palm-tree. But looking round at the general æsthetic of his work I doubt if there can be a man among us who will not rejoice to know that after many years he was recalled to the comparative respectability of the scaffold."

"It's a man," snapped the brigadier. "Some drunken young blackguard's collared the mike."

"If anyone is interested," the voice continued, "the train standing at Platform 6 is unlikely to move on to-night, as the driver was a replacement in a darts team and it is too late to find another. Passengers for Exeter, Dunfermline and Bogota are therefore earnestly advised to go for a long walk and come back and have another try to-morrow."

At first stunned beyond measure, the crowd then began to titter, and now the titters swelled into applause.

"An outrage!" cried the brigadier, who seemed to have an orderly sort of mind. "Why doesn't somebody stop him?"

"Our worthy friend the station-master," the voice went on, "has asked me to say a few words to you about the buffet. We have just completed an experimental week during which, in a well-intentioned endeavour to make it a more popular rendezvous, the gas-ring in the tea-urn has been given its head, bonus currants were dispersed at suitable points throughout the buns, and the sandwiches were sponged down night and morning. The final report of the Committee is not yet to hand, but I am directed to inform you that we need hardly wait for it, as a party has been arranged at short notice in the Third-Class Ladies' Waiting-room in celebration of the wonderful successes of our Russian allies. Vodka, caviar, and a wide variety of smörgåsbord will be obtainable. Thanks to the generosity of the company there will be no charge, except presumably by the public. The party will not start for a quarter of an hour, however, during which you can enjoy the Nonesuch Male Bach Choir, if you can, now performing in

the Left Luggage Office, or, better still, go on listening to me."

"Look!" shouted the brigadier, seizing my arm. "There's where the fellow is. Let's go over." And he pointed to an oblong pill-box on a neighbouring platform round which the crowd was milling actively.

"This is Nonesuch Junction, Nonesuch Junction here, and the birthday has been entirely mine. Two special announcements follow. Will the old gentleman who pulled the communication cord of the train now letting off steam at Platform 7 please get into touch with the guard, who has found his baby elephant and is anxious to restore it as soon as possible? I hope that is crystal clear? And will all passengers now waiting on Platform 8 who can play the Jew's harp kindly sign their names in the book in the Information Office on Platform 1?"

As we fought our way through the press we could see the station-master smiting heavily on the pill-box door. The law was also represented.

"I am going back-stage in a minute for a beer," roared the loud-speaker above my head, "but before I go I should like to sing you a little song of my own composition. Here it is:

*There was a station-master bold  
And he wore an admiral's hat,  
The peak had scrambled eggs in gold  
And the top was large and flat.  
His boots were black and strongly  
made*

*And his trousers nicely creased,  
His morning coat had lots of braid—  
Yet his face was strangely triste.*

Now then—is that brigadier listening?—all together, please!"

There was a moment's lag, then several hundred voices eagerly took up the ditty and yelled it happily in chorus. When they had finished there was an uncomfortable silence, broken only by the hammering on the door.

"A most distasteful episode," somebody said drily beside me. I turned to find a tall young man chewing the end of a cigar.

"Shockin' show!" grunted the brigadier.

"Frightful," I said. Then something ticked up sharply in my memory. *Distasteful?* "How the devil did you get out of there?" I hissed.

"Back door, old boy."

"They don't seem to know it's there."

"Nor did I till a moment ago."

"How about that beer?" I said.

"By all means. What about him?" And he pointed to the brigadier.

"Better not," I said.

ERIC.

## UTILITY



Spring



Summer



Autumn



Winter





"Where that R.T.O. sign is—go in there and you'll see a sergeant sitting by a fire. Shake him gently by the shoulder and he'll tell you everything you want to know."

## The Tooth

**M**Y tooth has gone. I still in fact possess Others, but they when worked upon confess The boring drill with grief and bitterness.

But not so this. The carking nerve had gone;  
They called it dead, but still it battled on  
While wanting stopping ever and anon.

Then to some innocent dentist I would fare  
Who knew it not, and in the awesome chair  
Bid him recharge the gaping void, nor spare.

Behold him now, with what a merry zeal  
He turns the current on and plies the steel,  
In full expectance of th' immediate squeal,

While I in contemplative mood immerst  
Sit with closed eyes and let him do his worst,  
Thinking of things until he's nigh to burst.

Never, ah never again, O tooth of mine,  
Shall I through stoppings yet to come recline  
In that dread throne with calm untroubled spine,

Nor wonder if in that luxurious chair  
Dentists relax at eve, and cast off care,  
And puff their pipes upon the ambient air.

Well, we have had good sport, we twain, and though  
You are at last withdrawn—you had to go,  
On that there was no question—even so,

The wrench, as wrenches are, was not severe.  
What's more, I brought you home, though, now you're here,  
What's to be done with you is far from clear.

DUM-DUM.

## H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

**T**HE next Fragment was a kindly act towards my cousin, Jem Goblin, and has not, so far, been repaid. For many years he was in french polishing and invented a way of polishing emery paper which got a prize at a Concours; but when this honour did not lead to anything, he took umbrage and went academic and became lecturer at the local Polytechnic. His great difficulty was to show the difference between verse, which he dealt with, and prose, which was done next door, so to clear up the confusion he got me to write the below and pinned it outside his room with a warning that the like was off his beat, but unfortunately his neighbour copied my work and did the same with it. Chaos continued as unabated as before until a professor of composition was appointed to co-ordinate matters, and Jem got the post, as the chairman of the Selection Committee had played with his father when they were both boy bassoons in the Bronx.

### DON'T CROSS HIS NIBS.

(The scene is Very Criminal, with candles stuck in bottles and worse.)

**STOOL PIGEON.** To be merely virtuous argues a certain lack of moral enterprise: to do good that evil may come, there you have something.

**MOBSMAN.** I have no head for abstractions and take refuge in technique. Have you seen this new cosh, now upon the market? Recent developments in plastics augur change in many an *opus operandi*.

**FORGER.** A craftsman, I. Since the accursed Industrial Revolution . . .

**LOOK-OUT.** Pardon my intrusion—hist!

*Enter a STRANGER*

**STRANGER.** May I shelter from the storm in your den? I am no snob.

**MA MANDRAKE.** Though tolerably degraded we are not without charity. We can promise you shelter: safety will be a matter of arrangement.

**STRANGER.** I am poor but honest. For my poverty I expect security, for my honesty, pity. I am a humble snake-charmer and have naught about me but my pets.

**MOBSMAN.** I counted four, including, if I be not mistaken, a rare species of puff-adder.

**STRANGER.** To repay your hospitality I shall forthwith display their talents. A one, a two and a three, Serpents ahoy!

[The snakes emerge and rear in line on the floor, bowing to the company.]

**STOOL PIGEON.** One marvels at the patience of the trainer but does not require extended proof of it.

**MA MANDRAKE.** I fear they will form fours. (They do.)

**STRANGER.** At this point I am accustomed to prolonged applause.

**FORGER.** As a trainer of audiences you evidently surpass your skill with the brute creation.



"Okay—if you're British you tell me who beat Villa in the Second Round of the Cup in 1937."

STRANGER. Alas, my simple tricks strike no cord responsive from your flinty bosoms.

MA MANDRAKE. To criticize the bosoms of your hosts is no way to their hearts.

STRANGER. I have but one more artifice to compel your delight.

MOBSMAN. Do your will. 'Twill serve to toughen us.

STRANGER. Give me a sheet of newspaper. See, I fold it thus. I tear it so, and so, and so. I shake it out and what do we see?

FORGER. An utterly debased design, an insult.

STRANGER. No, no. A palm tree. You can almost see the dates on it, can you not?

MA MANDRAKE. If anything, it is a coconut palm, but let that pass. May we take it that your gratitude is now assuaged?

[Stretching after a sleep, a hideous figure arises from a pile of rags.]

STOOL PIGEON. Avez-vous bien dormi, Bobo?

BOBO. A merveille! Je rêvais des choses tout à fait psychogeniques; comme mon psychologue se réjouira-t-il! Continuons. (Returns to sleep.)

FORGER. What is in the stew to-night?

MA MANDRAKE. Since yesterday there have been added a bream, a mushroom, and a small packet alleged to contain cucumber.

Enter CARRUTHERS HOPKINS, Prince of Fences

CARRUTHERS HOPKINS. Hail, fellows, well met.

MOBSMAN. Does that portend some delay in the payment of our cut?

CARRUTHERS HOPKINS. Of course it does. However, I have a fresh enterprise which may recoup you. The Vicar of Small Greeting has a ruby.

MA MANDRAKE. You hint theft?

CARRUTHERS HOPKINS. With violence—the Vicar of Small Greeting has a giggle. The gem is kept in the hall table in an envelope marked "Not to be Called For." One of you will obtain a post as butler.

STOOL PIGEON. It is Bobo's turn. His reference will have to be in French.

CARRUTHERS HOPKINS. "Epatant" is the *mot juste*. When the time is ripe he will deal with the owner as may occur to him and wrest the jewel from its hiding-place, substituting a dummy.

MOBSMAN. We generally use a pigeon's egg; it's just about right for size.

CARRUTHERS HOPKINS. So be it. The feigned flunkey will then make his getaway and proceed by a devious route, which I have obtained from the A.A., to this rendezvous.

STRANGER. I had not realized you were interested in precious stones. Here is a diamond I am keeping for a friend who hasn't room for it. I suppose the interesting thing about it is that chemically it is just the same as a piece of coal.

MA MANDRAKE. I fear it is wasted on you.

STRANGER. Oh, by no means, for in addition to constituting a good turn, it is a reputed preventive against caries.

FINIS

o o

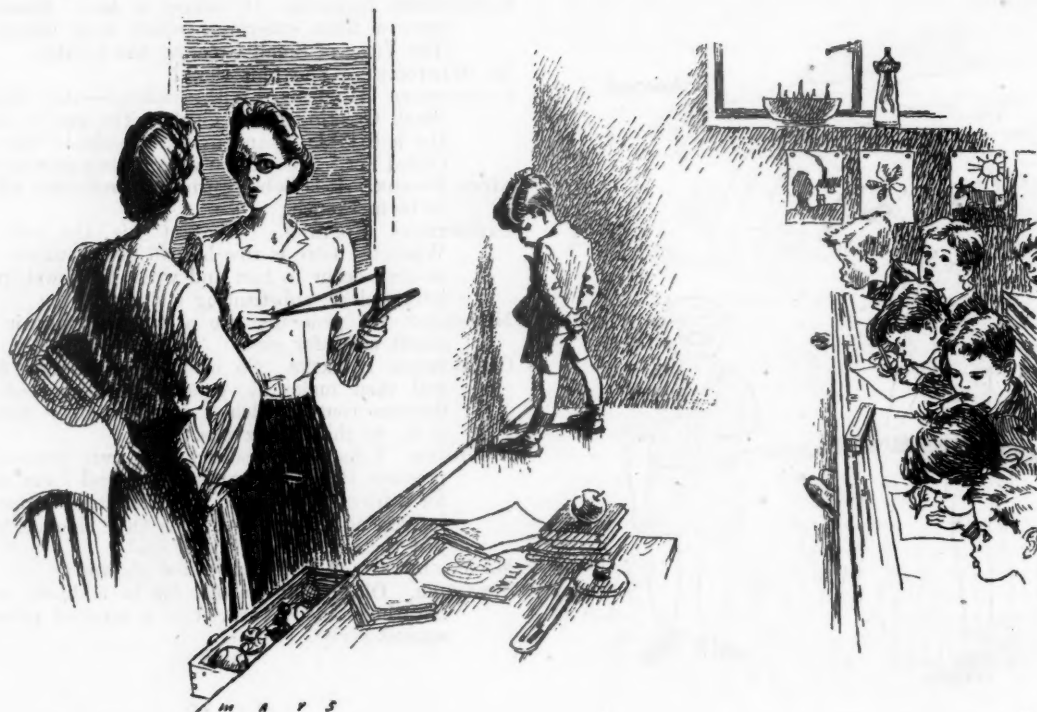
#### Big Chief Kicking Hand

"Dr. Khare barks all right but between the Colonial office and the Dominion secretariat of His Majesty's Government they have managed to pull out Dr. Khare's teeth disabling him from biting the wicked hand that kicks his countrymen in South Africa."

India paper's leading article.



"Hi—what about a comma or something after my name?"



"He refuses to confess where he bought the elastic."

### King *Salix Alba Cærulea*

ABOUT this time every year I try to write a cricketing article. Cricketers of standing will recognize the mental processes that lie at the root of this proclivity. It is merely that the cricket season begins—for anyone who takes the game at all seriously—as soon as Christmas is over. And when I say cricket season I mean the most important part of it, the period of planning and reconstruction (yes, and reconversion, if you like), when old scores are resettled and readjusted in the mind and a preview is held of forthcoming attractions.

This year I am rather worried about my bat. A recent article in *Nature* set me thinking when it told how a poor misguided batsman "had purchased the product of *Salix alba* when he should have purchased *Salix alba cærulea*." No further details were given and the identity of the batsman remained hidden. But it is easy enough to reconstruct the wretched story that led up to the tragic discovery. One can imagine the dreary succession of failures and alterations

in the batting order. Then comes relegation, first to the second and finally to the third eleven. There are domestic crises. Repressed forces are released and ugly and unhappy scenes are witnessed. Innocent little children receive the savage blows that should have been aimed at long-hops and half-volleys. The entire fabric of the man's life is threatened with ruin.

He makes feverish attempts to appease the instrument of his doom with innumerable tots of linseed oil (and how grasping in this matter some bats can be!). He binds it with cord and plaster, pegs it and scrapes it with broken glass, seeking always to hide its tell-tale newness.

The story repeats itself month after month—season after season perhaps. And then comes exposure.

He is now first reserve to the third eleven, and the Saturday afternoon arrives when he is asked to lend his bat (and his flannels) to a colleague. This is his finest hour. . . .

Can you hear the guffaws of mocking laughter as the bat is examined?

"I say, you chaps," screams the colleague, "this is rich. Old Pad-bound's bat is *Salix alba*. Did you ever . . . ?"

It is easy enough to laugh. But one piece of willow looks very much like another when it is cut into the shape of a cricket bat and decorated with stars and signatures. Of course when a bat has been in use for a time its quality becomes apparent—by the curvature of its striking surface and by the number of borrowers. But the striking surface remains undinted unless on occasion it makes hearty contact with the ball, and the market for undinted bats is definitely "bearish."

Take my own bat for example. Was it indeed all that it eventually cracked up to be? I bought it from Bob Critchlow. It had four stars and a pedigree as long as Larwood's arm. But was it *Salix alba cærulea*? I have grave doubts. But I shall not voice them. I shall reserve them for the bat I am going to use this coming season.

HOD.





"AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TO-DAY?"

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, February 13th.**—House of Commons: Vanishing Trick—Very Difficult.

**Wednesday, February 14th.**—House of Lords: A Moving Debate.

House of Commons: Miscellaneous.

**Thursday, February 15th.**—House of Commons: Local Government to Come.

**Tuesday, February 13th.**—When Sir JOHN ANDERSON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, walked into the House of Commons to-day, bearing an impressive portfolio, he had about him the air of a man who is determined to do or die—(or possibly both) and who remembers, moreover, that the date is the 13th. There was a time when Sir JOHN, as an Indian Governor, was known (with cause shown, as the lawyers say) as "The Most Shot-at Man in the World."

Consequently, a mere Parliamentary battle was not likely to daunt him, and he had something of the jaunty demeanour of the late and celebrated Mr. Carton, as he strolled in.

From the portfolio he took a small pamphlet—the cause of all the excitement that was evident in the House: The Requisitioned Land and War Works Bill.

Before he had finished his speech asking for the Second Reading the Bill had been rechristened by the wags "The Ten Little Nigger-Boys Bill." To explain:

The measure proposes (roughly) to let the Government take over for good any land it has acquired during the war for the defence of the Realm, even commons and open spaces, nay, even homes, great or small, stately or otherwise.

There had been a considerable preliminary pother about it, with a score of different groups and interests taking at least as many different lines against the Bill. But although they were all different, the objections had one thing in common: it was the attitude people had to Dr. Fell—they did not like it. And it was Sir JOHN's job to try to make the objectors change their minds, or, failing that, to appease them.

It was pretty soon evident which he was to have to do. He Appeased (with a great big "A") from the word "Go!" Appeasees (as he would doubtless call

them) left him in no doubt about their uncompromising line. His first words were: "This Bill has caused a certain amount of concern . . ." and they stopped the show, while Members raised as big a cheer of agreement as any heard since the war began.

Sir JOHN is a methodical person, however, and when there was comparative silence, he added the other words he had on his notes ". . . and disquiet," which set the whole thing off again.

He then proceeded to deal with the objections one by one, ending the recital of each with some such formula as "I am prepared to amend the Bill

umpteenth announcement that a bit more of the measure was to go into limbo, cried: "Up goes the white flag!"

Pride of parenthood shone from the Chancellor's eyes as he fondled the Bill. It would have been difficult, indeed, for him to have denied paternity, for it bore the tell-tale phrase: "every relevant consideration." No blood-tests were called for, once that phrase was exhibited.

There followed the most extraordinary debate, with practically every single speaker against the Bill, and those who did support it doing so half apologetically. But, after much sound, and a trifle of fury, the Second Reading was granted, although by then, as Commander JOYNSON-HICKS remarked, there was little but the title left. Captain DUNCAN had commented that, at any rate, the Attorney-General, in winding up for the Government, would find it difficult to open with the conventional expression of gratification that the Bill had had so good a reception. So the ingenious Mr. Attorney opened by expressing gratification that the Chancellor's speech (amputating "large lumps" of the Bill) had had so good a reception!

Sir JOHN smiled, gathered the remains from the mortuary slab, and went his way. Perhaps it was poetic justice (or some other sort) because, earlier in the day, he had perpetrated this etymological monstrosity: "Confidentiality."

Even an announcement that he proposed to give the Universities a few million pounds more by way of assistance in the post-war period could not atone, for the House is a hard judge in these matters.

The Air Minister announced, amid a shocked silence, that two popular Members, Captain "BOB" BERNAYS and Mr. R. D. CAMPBELL, had crashed while flying over Italy, and had not yet been found. It was a sharp, stabbing reminder of the price of progress.

**Wednesday, February 14th.**—Mr. TOM DRIBERG (who misses mighty little) drew attention to the fact that a Conservative report had had what he considered undue prominence in the B.B.C.'s programme. Why? he asked.

"Not undue," was the gist of the reply of Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the Minister of Information, "just its



BURGLAR BILL

"I do not share the view that this is a bad Bill. On the contrary, I think, and hope to be able to persuade the House, that it is a very good Bill."—Sir John Anderson on the Requisitioned Land and War Works Bill.

in Committee, to meet this point," or "If necessary, that provision can go from the Bill."

And so it went on, with the Bill slowly disappearing, Cheshire catlike, before our werry eyes, until only the tip of the tail remained. Like a proud father, Sir JOHN maintained that the fast-disappearing Bill was perfect and (practically) without blemish, but, in response to the incredulous laughter this remark provoked, admitted that there was possibly one small blemish, but that, this trifling item removed (as removed it was of course to be), the Bill would be well-nigh perfect.

Watching the disappearing trick with unconcealed amazement, M.P.s were, for the most part, speechless, but Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, at the



"Find the frame old-fashioned or something?"

right amount—along with the activities of the Liberals, Labour and Common Wealth."

The Communist Party nearly swallowed his tongue with sheer astonishment at his exclusion from the list of great Parties. He rose (his name of course is Mr. WILLIAM GALLACHER) and made inarticulate noises. Mr. BRACKEN breezily retorted that he was afraid Mr. GALLACHER had not the proper comradely feelings towards the B.B.C.

Lady ASTOR drew big cheers by commenting that most people thought the B.B.C. far too biased to the Left. The Minister replied that the Corporation held the balance fairly—which caused loud and prolonged smiles from the Conservatives, cheers from the Left.

Mr. ATTLEE, the Deputy Prime Minister, used a phrase which for some reason convulsed the House. Asked about further possible international agreements on the lines of Bretton Woods, he replied, without batting an eyelid: "These matters are being carefully explored."

Possibly encouraged by the success of this little joke, Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS asked Sir ANDREW DUNCAN,

the Minister of Supply, "how many hundred" people had been members of the kaleidoscopic Tank Board (which is always changing its members), to be answered by a blank and stony look. So he asked again, to receive the grave unsmiling reply: "Certainly not hundreds." So Sir HERBERT, who knows when he has "had it," just gave up.

Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, Minister of National Insurance, formally presented a Bill to give effect to the Government's plans for family allowances. The little introductory nod of Sir WILLIAM's—'twas enow, and, indeed, the correct method—got a terrific cheer. Sir WILLIAM, who gets fewer cheers than he earns, blushed.

In the Lords, there was one of those moving little debates which so distinguish that assembly (and, indeed, The Other Place) from time to time. The subject was war memorials. There was all but unanimous opinion that the statue and the formal memorial were no longer in accordance with public taste. Instead, gardens—

one noble Lord suggested one in Trafalgar Square, each Dominion owning a little piece of it—are favoured in the belief that the beauty of the garden is nearer the heart of the average soldier than anything pompous in stone or metal.

Thursday, February 15th.—Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour, was asked by Wing Commander ROLAND ROBINSON about the strange case of a boy from Blackpool who wanted (sic) to go into the pits, and was not allowed to!

Mr. BEVIN is clearly long past astonishment about anything, and he said he must keep to the luck of the ballot, and not let such a thing as Reason butt in where Chance should hold undisputed sway. At any rate, that is the effect of what he said.

Members gasped when he said, in reply to another question, that "it was not in the public interest" to reveal how many ballots had been taken for the choice of Bevin Boys. Shuddering to think of the national disaster that had been averted, the House did not argue, but went on to talk about the future of local government. It has one, and a glowing one at that.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.





"I said, one gets so out of touch with people these days."

## Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—X

**W**ELL, Rich-ard and I-vy, I will now tell you some-thing a-bout Parl-ia-men-tar-y priv-i-lege.

The word "priv-i-lege" means "priv-ate law," and you may at once a-cute-ly re-mark that it is con-tra-ry to our acc-ep-ted dem-o-crat-ic thing-umm-y to have priv-ate laws—laws, that is, which are not e-qual for ev-er-y-bod-y. That is per-fect-ly true, and that is just the rea-son why Parl-ia-men-tar-y priv-i-leg-es have been much cut down. Those which re-main are con-sid-er-ed nec-ess-ary to en-a-ble the Mem-bers to do their du-ty as well as poss-i-ble, and not to give them an eas-y time.

For ex-am-ple, Rich-ard, one day

you shall come to the House when Parl-ia-ment is sitt-ing, and you will see the nice po-lice-man out-side stop the traf-fic for your Un-cle Hadd-ock, that he may cross the road at once. This does not mean that your Un-cle or an-y oth-er Mem-ber is a spec-i-all-y im-port-ant per-son: what is thought to be im-port-ant is that all the Mem-bers should be a-ble to reach the House as quick-ly as poss-i-ble. They may have a Ques-tion to ask or be just in time to vote, or move an a-mend-ment. So at the be-ginn-ing of each Ses-sion a Res-o-lu-tion is pass-ed ord-er-ing the po-lice to keep all the streets and app-roach-es o-pen for the Mem-bers.

The first time the traf-fic was

stop-ped for him your Un-cle Hadd-ock blush-ed all ov-er and ran a-cross the road like a fright-en-ed hare. He has got us-ed to it now, and goes ov-er with great-er dig-ni-ty; but when he sees two great mo-tor-bus-es and a six-ton lorr-y brought up on their haunch-es for him he still won-ders what the dri-vers are say-ing.

A more im-port-ant priv-i-lege is the right of free speech. No per-son out-side can have the law on an-y Mem-ber for an-y-thing he says in the Cham-ber. If I say that the ed-i-tor of *The Times* is a bur-glar, or that the Bish-op of Lon-don poi-son-ed his wife, those gen-tle-men would have no rem-e-dy but to write in-dig-nant let-ters a-bout it.

Mind you, our speech is not ab-so-lute-ly free. Far from it. We are, ver-y prop-er-ly, re-strain-ed by our own rules and cus-toms. For one thing, I must not say that the ed-i-tor of *The Times* is a bur-glar un-less it is rel-ev-ant to the sub-ject un-der de-bate. And I must not go on say-ing it, for that would be "te-di-ous re-pe-ti-tion." I must not re-lect on the con-duct of the King, or ev-en for-ign kings (if they are friend-ly), or the Vice-roy of In-dia, the judg-es, and oth-er high auth-or-i-ties.

And I may be dis-cour-ag-ed by the House if I a-buse our priv-i-lege and make what seems to be a mere-ly spite-ful att-ack up-on some-one out-side who can-not well de-fend him-self. Some friend of the ed-i-tor will find some opp-or-tu-ni-ty to raise the matt-er a-gain and chal-lenge me to prove that he is a bur-glar. Some-times peop-le say, "Say it out-side!" mean-ing that if it is true I should not be a-fraid to face a li-bel ac-tion in a court of law. But that is rath-er a sill-y chal-lenge. For one can-not al-ways be sure; and the whole point of the priv-i-lege is that a Mem-ber should be a-ble to att-ack a-bus-es, with-out fear or fa-vour, ev-en when, out-side, he would not be sure of winn-ing a li-bel ac-tion. It is like giv-ing a man a par-a-chute and in-vit-ing him to jump with-out it.

Al-so, as your Un-cle Hadd-ock has found, you may be quite will-ing to "say it out-side," but can-not get an-y pa-per to print it. As long as they print what was said in Parl-ia-ment the pa-pers are priv-i-leg-ed too. But if I "say it out-side" in their col-umns they may have to pay dam-a-ges too. So they are not al-ways so keen on "say-ing it out-side."

There is an-oth-er priv-i-lege which has at least an ac-a-dem-ic int-er-est for man-y of the Mem-bers. That is, the Hous-es of Parl-ia-ment are not

bound by the Lic-ens-ing Laws, the laws which gov-ern the sale and con-sump-tion of wine, spir-its and beer. These foods can be sold there with-out a just-ic-es' lic-ence and with-out ob-serv-ing the "per-mit-ted hours" pre-scrib-ed by Par-lia-ment or the loc-al just-ic-es.

There us-ed to be some doubt a-bout this part-ic-u-lar priv-i-lege; but it is now well est-ab-lish-ed, and as a matt-er of fact, your Un-cle Hadd-ock had a good deal to do with it.

Long be-fore the war—and some time be-fore your Un-cle be-came a hor-rid pol-i-ti-cian—he did a rat-her un-us-u-al thing. He pros-e-cut-ed the House of Comm-ons Kitch-en Comm-itt-ee for sell-ing what is call-ed "drink" with-out a lic-ence. This is not so eas-y as it sounds. How-ev-er lit-tle re-ver-ence you may have for the House of Comm-ons when you are en-gag-ed in priv-ate con-ver-sa-tion in the sa-loon bar, be-lieve me, it re-quires some re-sol-u-tion to go to Bow Street Po-lice Court in cold blood ear-ly on a Mon-day morn-ing to "lay an in-for-ma-tion" a-against that un-re-spect-ed bod-y for sell-ing drink with-out a lic-ence.

This quaint ac-tion, chil-dren, was not con-ceiv-ed or carr-ied out in a spir-it of un-worth-y spite or en-vy. It was found-ed on the hope, per-haps a tri-ble opt-im-ist-ic and ev-en na-ïve, as they say, that if Par-lia-ment was shown by the Courts to be break-ing the laws Par-lia-ment would see the foll-y of the laws and alt-er them, to the gen-er-al ben-e-fit.

How-ev-er, this was not to be. The case, in the end, came be-fore a strong Di-vi-sion-al Court (the top court of ap-p-eal for such a case), con-sist-ing of Lord Hew-art, Mis-ter Jus-tice Av-or-y, and Mis-ter Jus-tice Rig-by Swift (all, a-las, now dead). The Att-orn-ey Gen-er-al app-ear-ed for the King a-against your poor old Un-cle, who was gall-ant-ly re-pres-ent-ed by Mis-ter Hen-ry Strauss, now Un-der Sec-ret-ar-y to the Min-is-try of Town and Coun-try Plann-ing. These three fine judg-es, as your Un-cle is now de-light-ed to re-call, u-nan-im-ous-ly de-cid-ed a-against him. Why, I-vy? Not be-cause Par-lia-ment meets in a Roy-al Pal-ace, or an-y non-sense of that sort. No—be-cause of Par-lia-men-tar-y priv-i-lege; be-cause Par-lia-ment must have ev-er-y-thing nec-ess-ar-y for their diff-i-cult task. "Ev-er-y priv-i-lege," said Lord Hew-art, "which is nec-ess-ar-y for the dis-charge of that high trust is con-ceed-ed with-out a mur-mur or a doubt." I should not my-self like to bet a bag of sov-er-eigns on the last

as-ser-tion. But, there it is—the law is now est-ab-lish-ed through the rash act of your Un-cle; and if no oth-er tears are shed up-on his grave, I hope that Mem-bers of Par-lia-ment and their guests may mus-ter one or two for this good cause.

And, by the way, Lord Hew-art, al-though he found a-against your Un-cle on the point of law, gave him his costs, much to the as-ton-ish-ment and dis-may of the Crown. That is to say, in view of ear-li-er pro-ceed-ings, the Judge ag-reed that the point had been du-bi-ous, and it was prop-er for the ac-tion to be brought. Nev-er, I think, was the House of Comm-ons pros-e-cut-ed by a priv-ate cit-iz-en for so small a charge.

It is acc-ord-ing-ly the law to-day that the Li-cens-ing Laws are quite in-app-lic-a-ble to the Hous-es of Par-lia-ment, that be-cause of the im-port-ance of their work they should be a-ble to re-fresh them-selves when-ev-er they de-sire. And one day, it is to be hop-ed, this high-ly civ-il-ized doc-trine may be ex-tend-ed to the low-er ord-ers of Brit-ish life.

A. P. H.

#### Sober Fact Corner

##### "PLEAD GUILTY IN ALCOHOL CASE

London, Nov. 23.—(AP)—

Prime Minister Churchill said that Americans had more justification than ever for being thankful today 'when we see that in three or four years the United States has, in sober fact, become the greatest military, naval and air power in the world.'

Vancouver paper.

## To Julia, Upon Her Dress

("Utility frocks and dresses have come to stay."—Recent Announcement.)

TAKE, Julia, take thy Herrick's rhymes

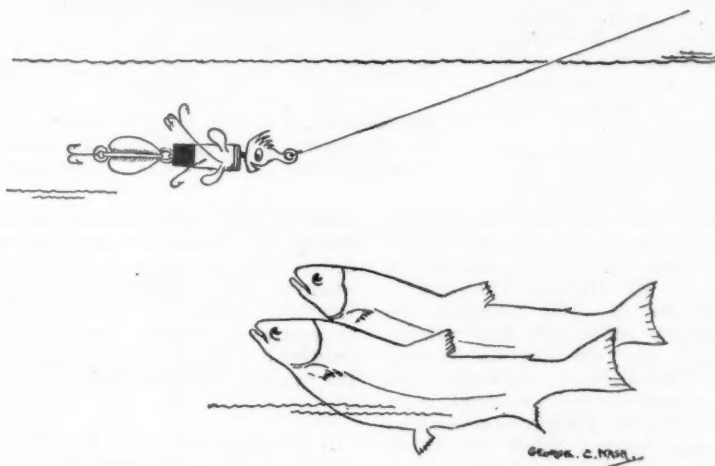
Writ in these wild, unhallow'd times

When-as thou may'st no more put on  
Thy silky liquefaction,  
And, unthrift, flaunt for wantonness  
The gay profusion of thy dress  
That once did tempt the gentle air  
To keep his laughing gambolls there;  
Nor (stay'd by these disastrous wars)  
Display those ribbands, pounct with stars,

Where-in on some sweet morn of May  
The frolick winds were wont to play;  
Which, kissing first thy kercheft  
throat,

Wak'd the tempestuous petticoat  
To such bewitching wave and dance  
That wo'd my curious eye entrance.  
No more, my Julia: thou shalt be  
Cloth'd in thy sad Utility;  
Yet this for consolation take—  
That now my fonder eyes forsake  
Thy foliage for that sweeter grace  
Limn'd in the beauty of thy face,  
Or on thy cheeks, as white as snow,  
Watch roses come, and lightly go  
Beneath those brows where tresses  
twin'd

Loose one stray ringlet to the wind;  
And, all thy brave apparel gone,  
Naught taketh me, save thee alone.



"Even though it does bear a slight resemblance to the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch blue and silver phantom minnow, it's their new secret weapon all right."

## At the Play

"EMMA" (ST. JAMES'S)

WE are back in Waterloo year, though not this time in Quality Street. The place is *Mr. Woodhouse's* drawing-room at Hartfield House, and there are no soldiers about. War leaves the Austen world unruffled. The Corsican ogre can rage; Waterloo can be fought and won; but Hartfield will be occupied with *Emma's* matchmaking and the yearnings of *Harriet Smith*, while *Mr. Woodhouse*, fearful of the draughts or the gipsies, will call as usual for half a glass of Madeira wine—in water.

On the stage, *Mr. Woodhouse*, pattern of what Miss G. B. Stern hails as "Chumpery," is sadly spectral; *Mr. GRAVELEY EDWARDS* has no chance to establish his Chump-Major. Indeed, throughout the evening, we are waiting for the play to flower. Its G. E. CALTHROP set is Hartfield to the last inch; superficially, the production has everything handsome about it; yet JANE AUSTEN takes command only when *Mr. FRANK ALLENBY* is holding the stage as *Knightley of Donwell*. This is a superb realization. The actor has the appearance, the voice, the Austen grand manner. His last avowal to Miss ANNA NEAGLE's *Emma*, a speech which clumsiness could have shattered, is beautifully done.

What else can be said? A word for Miss AMBROSINE PHILLIPOTS, properly loud and lush as *Augusta Elton*; another for Miss GILLIAN LIND'S *Miss Bates*, an amiable cataract; a third for *Mr. GEORGE THIRLWELL'S* foolish *Mr. E.* We recognize the company's endeavour—and wonder curiously why the play was chosen. In the book JANE AUSTEN's narrative, cool, precise, lovingly-observed, is an eternal delight. The play roams across the stage without much vitality or impulse. *Mr. GORDON GLENNON* has done his work with a worried eagerness, but *Emma* is not the stuff of the theatre. Janeites—how would Miss AUSTEN have liked this word?—will mourn the characters' loss of stature;

newcomers will be puzzled. We miss what might be called the animated tranquillity of the Austen scene. At the St. James's the animation is all too forced.

In spite of Miss NEAGLE's grace and technical address, *Emma* away from the book is a tiresome creature, a woman of no importance. The actress cannot be blamed. Inevitably, in translation from one medium to another, a glow has faded from the Hartfield sky. Still, we have the admirable *Mr. ALLENBY*. There is

the fourth, illusions far more than two. Both processes are equally painless: for gas is a wonderful device. *Mr. SHAW* makes his characters talk, endlessly, fluently, effortlessly, eloquently, until they have created an illusion more profound than any they dispel—the illusion of coherence. No question is answered, no problem solved; the characters dance away in their false noses under the pretence that they have smelled out the truth. But the theme of the play—is it marriage, is it parenthood, is it filial

duty, or simply that the whirligig of time brings in his revenges? As always with *Mr. SHAW*, you never can tell.

The glittering brilliance of the dialogue gives the amateur actor every assistance as well as opportunity, and the C.U. Mummies deserved the laughs they raised. They will doubtless raise more as the week progresses and their timing improves. The general level of acting was creditable without being distinguished, and the company had the advantage of an experienced producer in *Mr. DONALD BEVES*. The actors were, however, sometimes inaudible, particularly at the dining table during the scene on the terrace. It might also be added that the manners of the men were more casual than suited the period. It is true that the women were emancipated, and it may be that the lack of formal deference shown to them was designed to emphasize this; but in 1898 the New Woman had not yet been matched by the New Man.

R. F.



HEARING OF EMMA'S ENGAGEMENT PAPA FLIES TO MADEIRA.

*Mr. Knightley* . . . . . *Mr. FRANK ALLENBY*  
*Mr. Woodhouse* . . . . . *Mr. GRAVELEY EDWARDS*  
*Emma Woodhouse* . . . . . *MISS ANNA NEAGLE*

some pleasing conversational finesse. The period frame enchants, and we deduce from the prospect beyond the windows that everything in that Hartfield garden is lovely. One imperative question remains unanswered. Where—during much of the evening—is JANE herself?

J. C. T.

### "YOU NEVER CAN TELL" (A.D.C., CAMBRIDGE)

*You Never Can Tell* is one of *Mr. SHAW'S Pleasant Plays*: it may begin with a dentist's chair, but it ends with a masked ball. In the first act two teeth are extracted and by the end of

## At the Ballet

### "AURORA'S WEDDING" (PRINCES)

THEIR latest production, *Aurora's Wedding*, is the greatest achievement that *MONA INGLESBY* and the International Ballet have yet to their credit. From the point of view of technical excellence it outshines anything they have done before, for there is here a sureness of attack which has hitherto been too often absent, and neatness and brilliance of execution by



the principals. DORIS ZINKEISEN has taken the fullest advantage of the opportunity that this fairy-tale offers for a display of colour and fantasy, and the dresses are as gorgeous as the music of TCHAIKOWSKY.

*Aurora's Wedding* is of course a *divertissement* culled from the famous ballet *The Sleeping Princess*. A ballet wedding could not take place without regiments of Terpsichorean witnesses from every quarter, every clime and every element, and these nuptials of the *Princess Aurora* to the *Prince* whose kiss has awakened her from her hundred years' sleep are graced with the presence of all the fairies except the wicked one. Even the Sugar-Plum Fairy strays from "Casse-Noisette" for the occasion into the person of the *Princess*.

Perhaps the best individual item is the famous *Blue-Bird pas de deux* danced brilliantly by ANNA MARINOVA and ROVI PAVINOFF. Perhaps the loveliest costume is *Princess Aurora's* (MONA INGLESBY) which seems to be made of shimmering pearls. But it is hard to imagine anything more resplendent than the *Duchesses* in their hooped dresses of crimson, white, blue and gold. The fairies too look like one's most luscious memory of pre-war fondants, and the *Fairy of the Songbirds* is the most tempting. If there were no glittering canary-yellow fondants in those far-off days, then post-war fondant-planners ought to go and see this delicious fairy, SANDRA VANE. The *Mandarin* and the *Porcelain Princesses* are as unlike utility crockery as the most war-weary could desire, and one sympathizes with the *Wolf* (JAN HOYER) for wanting to eat so captivating a *Red Riding Hood* as GLADYS WALTON.

D. C. B.



"Well, did you have a good time in Rome, Jenkins?"  
"Fine, sir—lovely Naafi!"

## Dutch Dilemma

**W**ELL, here we are. Just nip out and ask that chap if he knows anywhere.

"Right you are, sir. . . . Excuse me, do you speak English?"

"Good-bye, thank you. Please?"

"Oh, good. I'm looking for a place where some soldiers can sleep."

"Soldiers slaapen?"

"Yes, that's right. Do you know anywhere where we could get them in?"

"Excuses, please."

"Do . . . YOU . . . KNOW . . . ANYWHERE . . ."

"Speaking Franssk?"

"No . . . Oh, yes. Rather. Esker-voo conaissez er urn loo eessee oo. . ."

"Speaking Dootch?"

"No. I'm afraid I don't know any Dutch. I wish . . ."

"Dootch, Dootch. Niet Nederlandsk. Hitler, Dootch."

"Oh, German. Yes, a bit . . . Wissen Sie ein Platz here wo Soldiers schlafen . . ."

"Soldiers slaapen?"

"Yes. Ja. Wo here?"

"Civils in maisons alle voll van burgers. Bomben! Slaapen onderneaths everywonns. Places . . ."

"Bombs underneaths here?"

"No. Civils slaapen onderneaths for bomben."

"Hey! . . . We haven't got all day. What's he talking about?"

"Well, sir, I think the place is either full of unexploded bombs, or else it's a large-scale cemetery."

"Nonsense. The man's a quising. Don't waste any more time."

"Right you are, sir. Good-bye, thank you so much."

"Soldiers slaapen?"

"Hell! No, not here. Thank you. Good-bye."

"No, thank you, please!"

"Good-bye."

"Hallo."



"One of our usual last-minute customers with a permanent red weal across the back of his neck."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### William Howard Russell

WAR correspondence dates in America from the Mexican War of 1846-1847, and in Europe from the Crimean War, which was reported for *The Times* by William Howard Russell, an interesting account of whose career is given by Mr. RUPERT FURNEAUX in *The First War Correspondent* (CASSELL, 12/6). The Army Command in the Crimea were hostile to Russell. "What on earth do you know of this kind of work?" one of them asked Russell, who replied "I suspect that there are a great many here with no greater knowledge of it than myself." This suspicion was soon verified, and Russell's letters to *The Times*, revealing the lack of food, medical supplies, ammunition and reinforcements, led to the fall of Aberdeen's ministry and a more efficient prosecution of the war under Palmerston. This was all to the good; but it must be admitted that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, had some reason on his side when, in reference to a dispatch from Russell describing the position of a powder-store, he complained that information of this kind "must be invaluable to the Russians." Apprised in due course of Lord Raglan's feelings, Russell agreed that "it was not advisable to acquaint the enemy with our proceedings." In the American Civil War Russell enraged the North by a brilliant description of the stampede at Bull Run. As *The Times* was hostile to the North, the editor used Russell's account in a way which Russell, threatened with lynching from a number of quarters, did not altogether relish; but the managing director replied to a suggestion that he should be recalled—"I am sure that Mrs. Russell is too good a wife to desire anything that would be injurious to her husband. Now it would be decidedly injurious to your character if you abandoned your post. . . ." With the Franco-Prussian War Russell's supremacy as a war correspondent came to an end.

He had a genius for descriptive reporting, as his accounts of the Charge of the Light Brigade, of Inkermann and of Sedan show. But the telegraph wire did not appeal to him, and its use by Archibald Forbes in the Franco-Prussian War made the reputation of the *Daily News* and Forbes, and proportionately diminished *The Times* and Russell. But there was no ill-feeling between Russell and Forbes, who had a great admiration for Russell and was tactful enough not to conceal it—"He told me," said Russell, "that he always had my letters from the Crimea on his bed-table and read them over and over again." H. K.

### "I Have House and Land in Kent . . ."

It is safe, one feels, to say that the townsman will find Mr. RICHARD CHURCH's *Green Tide* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6) acceptably bucolic, and that the countryman will discover that the poet's spiritual home is an outer suburb: not perhaps the Sydenham of his youthful memories, but, say, Dulwich, when Dulwich was the sort of suburb to which *Copperfield* rode out to court *Dora*. Country cottages with telephones and quick access to the City are, according as you look at them, the best or the worst of both worlds; and the author is in no two minds about mid-Kent which lets him return and survey the blitzed remnants of his home, overlooking Chancery Lane, as often as nostalgia urges. The series of essays and sketches which compose this book mostly relate (in a vein perhaps more suited to the grateful poems occasionally interspersed) how their author bought some oast-houses and a piece of cherry-orchard as a holiday resort and how the war turned it into a small house complete with terrace and lily-pond. Vegetables were patriotically and successfully grown; but there was no stock—unless you can count the Corgi whose portrait, *regardant*, is one of the best of Mr. C. F. TUNNICLIFFE's outstandingly good illustrations. H. P. E.

### Fanfare

The Meissener monkey trumpeter shown on the jacket of Miss G. B. STERN's *Trumpet Voluntary* (CASSELL, 12/6) sounding Purcell's lovely music—or Clark's: what matter?—in defiance of war and death gives apt expression to the spirit of the book itself, its mixture of the whimsical and the sublime, of the trifling and the serious, of the laughter which is always near tears. Occasionally, it is true, one is reminded of the Walrus's conversational repertoire, or of the classic comment on the dictionary as reading matter, that it "changes the subject so often"; occasionally too Miss STERN approaches dangerously near the Falstaffian ratio of bread to sack. On the other hand, sack is an eminently potable beverage, and Miss STERN's vintage has its own individual tang. Whether she is writing of cats, as she does very often, or of Mr. Churchill's speeches, or of books or art or music, or of post-blitz London—"it would hardly have disconcerted me," she writes, "to see a lion pad out from behind one of the broken columns and stroll down to a pool of rusty rain-water to drink"—she is always stimulating and alive. It is a little surprising to find so accurate a writer perpetuating a popular error regarding Campbell's "Hohenlinden" (incidentally, one of the best battle poems in the language); "Iser, rolling rapidly," far from being so often repeated as to make the poem easier to learn by heart, actually occurs only twice in the eight verses. And lastly, whence, one wonders, has sprung the modern fashion of depriving *The Albany*, together with the ships of the Royal Navy, of the definite article inseparable from it in the days of Thackeray and Dickens? C. F. S.

### A Barrister Looks Back.

It is uncommon for a solicitor to write reminiscences. Only one such volume has appeared (a rather ponderous book by the late Sir John Hollams). There is a less ponderous volume purporting to be written by a solicitor, but the writer had no claim so to describe himself, as was obvious to the intelligent reader. In *Confessions of an Un-common Attorney* (DENT, 15/-) Mr. REGINALD L. HINE has produced a much more amusing work than the ordinary barrister's memories. He is an antiquary and has been able to batten on the records of his country firm, which was founded in 1591, and has the kind of leisure which is more easily found in a country practice than in London. He is also a scholar endowed with a literary style and a pretty sense of humour. He devotes a section of the book to memories of parsons and schoolmasters which are quite as entertaining as the legal section or the literary associations of his career. The last section deals with his views on religion and contains one gem, to wit, the prayer of John Ward, M.P., in 1727 about his property in the City and elsewhere. The book abounds in most excellent anecdotes admirably related to the context. It is printed and bound in the same format as the author's well-known volume *Hitchin Worthies*, and has the same serenity and charm, but a wider scope. No better escape from the atmosphere of our contemporary horrors can be imagined.

E. S. P. H.

### For Daws to Peck At

It is regrettable when the interests of art and life diverge; and the chief quarrel one has with the school of novelists represented by *Virginia Woolf* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-) is that they substituted a tradition of disease for a tradition of health. There is of course refined ill-health just as there is rude health; and the critic who prefers Mrs. Dalloway to Pickwick obviously gains in refinement. But when Mrs. JOAN BENNETT seeks to gain converts for her subject's art as a novelist she is not so much up against the vacuity of indifference as confronting a stronger because more humane tradition. Mrs. Woolf rightly expressed herself (in 1919) as dissatisfied with "the current form of the novel as presented by the novels of Arnold Bennett." She felt that "life or spirit, truth or reality, this, the essential thing, has moved off." But that is precisely what the traditionalist feels about the partial over-sensitized outlook evinced—in a generous anthology of quotations—here. Such fiction exploits a soul whose wounds, like a mendicant beggar's, are too much part of its stock-in-trade to brook either cure or concealment. In one of her expert and fruitful disquisitions on her author's style Mrs. BENNETT notes its sympathetic echo of De Quincey.

H. P. E.

### Bishop Nugent Hicks

Mr. MAURICE HEADLAM's *Bishop and Friend* (MACDONALD, 18/-), though rather clumsily written (there is a paragraph on page 29 of nine sentences, eight of which begin with "He"), gives a lifelike and attractive picture of the late Bishop of Lincoln, Nugent Hicks. The Industrious Apprentice is not usually very endearing, but Nugent Hicks, although uniformly successful at Harrow, Oxford and in later life, was as well liked by his contemporaries as by his masters, tutors and ecclesiastical superiors. He had a pleasing ugliness which blunted the edge of envy, and an unathletic figure which, when he was an officer in the Oxford University Volunteers, stimulated some wit to say that "Bumbo (his nickname) going forth to war satisfied

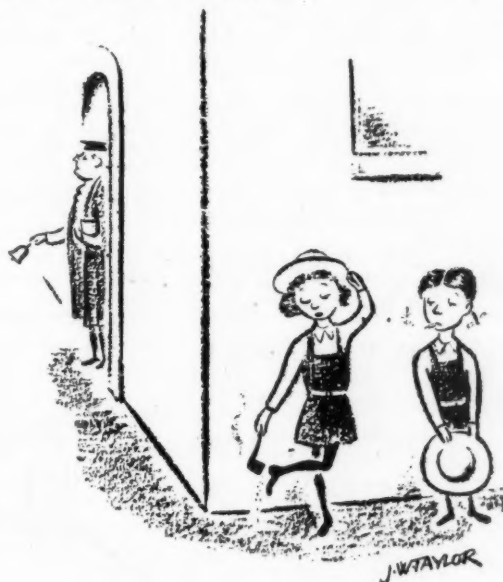
for him Aristotle's definition of tragedy as inspiring both terror and pity." After a varied career as Tutor of Keble, Principal of the Theological College at Cheshunt, Vicar of Brighton and Bishop of Gibraltar, Nugent Hicks was appointed to the bishopric of Lincoln in 1933, and remained there till his death in 1942. As he was both restless and sympathetic, the part of his work which appealed to him least was his correspondence. He liked the spoken more than the written word, and going from parish to parish of his large diocese better than dealing with its problems impersonally from the centre. He was moved by human beings not by abstract problems, and perhaps the best of the many tributes paid to him when he died was the remark of a Jewish refugee—"I hope the new Bishop will be as kind."

H. K.

### The Spoken Word

By a happy alphabetical fluke, three stories by the late "A. J. Alan" take their rightful first places in *Best Broadcast Stories* (FABER, 9/6), edited by Mr. HILTON BROWN, for surely they are the best of an excellent bunch, even allowing for the fact that in reading them one seems to hear again the lazy and most perfect broadcasting voice of their author. There are several other good stories with stings in their tails: the best, "Exit," by Mr. Harry Farjeon, describes a disappearing trick that makes most ghost stories warm and comforting by comparison with it. Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Mr. Graham Sutton, Mr. J. Jefferson Farjeon and Mr. Algernon Blackwood provide other starters, and Lord Dunsany contributes a most excellent "Jorkens" story. The best of the humour comes from the editor, who has produced a really funny story, but, with the exception of Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, the majority of the contributors are only amusing in rather few-and-far-between patches. Many incline to write character sketches rather than the pithy tales with a punch that make readers as well as listeners catch their breath at the final sentence. The remarkable thing about the whole collection is, that though the stories have been written for broadcasting, they all read so extremely well.

B. E. B.



"Ah, well—back to Moloch."



## Mr. Bostock and the Revolution

"PERHAPS you would come in with me," said Mr. Bostock, pausing at the newsagent's and beginning to unbutton his overlarge macintosh. "I'd better have the right money ready."

"Of course," I said, feeling protective towards him, as I always do.

I knew he had rehearsed his little speech carefully, and he muttered it to himself nervously while we waited. The newsagent came to the centre of the counter.

"I wonder," said Mr. Bostock, "if you have by any chance—?"

But the man had only come to look through the shop door at the clock across the street, and immediately went back out of sight. Mr. Bostock murmured "Oh, dear," and threw me an appealing little glance.

After another minute or two I took the threepenny-piece from him and allowed it to rattle on the counter in what might have been a quite accidental way. There was a bark from the newsagent's hiding-place.

"Well?"

Mr. Bostock rushed in with his lines. "I was wondering if by any chance you might be able to spare me a copy of *The Times Literary Supplement*? I know of course how very difficult the—"

The man came into view. He was a powerful man with thick ginger hair, and wore an expression of permanent resentment. Lifting the counter-flap he entered the body of the shop, pushed between us and put out the light.

"Close at four," he said, speaking between clenched teeth. The door that slammed behind us was the nearest of near misses.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Bostock again, turning up his macintosh collar against the cold drizzle.

"Never mind." I gave him his threepenny-piece. "Let's go round the corner and have a nice cup of tea."

"Yes," he said. He was rubbing his elbow gently. "Just—huh—caught my—huh—funny-bone. Were you hurt at all?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I think I'm all right."

"I'm—oo—glad," said Mr. Bostock. "Come along then."

When we had descended the steep stairs into the snug fug of the café I said, as gently as I could, that it would perhaps be better if I handled the tea order. One man can't fight a

war alone. Mr. Bostock agreed to this—with relief, I thought.

"Waitress!" I called, when we had taken our crumby seats.

Nobody answered.

"Er—Miss!" I said presently, hating the word.

Nobody answered.

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Bostock, pretending not to notice my succession of failures. "You wouldn't call me a reactionary, would you?"

"I say," I said, snatching at the dingy wisp of apron that swept past—"could you—?"

"Not my table," said the girl, addressing a far corner of the room near the ceiling.

"Or an anti-social type?" continued Mr. Bostock.

"Why, no," said I, getting up and throwing myself under the wheels of a tall brunette. "Excuse me, I know you're awfully busy, but may we—?"

"Two teas!" screamed the brunette in the direction of the service door, and threw a handful of heavy knives on to a metal tray.

"Thank you," I said, returning.

"What a noise they make," said Mr. Bostock mildly. "And yet, do you know, I am almost certain that I am going to lead a Revolution."

"You are?" I said.

"I thought of calling the movement the 'L.R.C.R.'—'League for the Restitution of Customers' Rights.' I expect you think me a very silly person." He had gone very pink, and his glasses were slightly askew. "You see," he went on, fingering an Australia-shaped stain on the cloth, "it's going to be like when a man comes out of prison."

"What is?" I said, keeping my eye on the brunette waitress, who had

taken off her apron and was putting some lipstick on her mouth.

"After the war. I mean, when a man comes out of prison he has become so accustomed to restrictions that he needs encouragement before he can walk about and behave like a free man. Of course," said Mr. Bostock, meeting my eyes for a moment—"that is only what I've been told."

"Of course."

"And we shall be the same. We shall go on being snapped and snarled at and ignored and—and humiliated, unless somebody reminds us that we needn't be." He astonished me by hitting the table quite hard with his little dry fist and saying loudly, "Customers of the world—unite!"

"I say," I said—"steady on."

"I'm sorry—it's a phrase I'd thought of, a sort of a—a slogan, a—a sort of peace-cry, you might call it. We shall have to band together and act in concert to destroy the behind-the-counter autocracy, the public-servant (so-called) bureaucracy, the—the—"

"Sh-h!"

"Two teas," said the brunette.

We emptied the saucers into our cups.

"Because," said Mr. Bostock, "with intelligent planning and wise leadership we could attract a membership of many millions. I believe a great number of people are already compiling black-lists of tradesmen and bus-conductors and cinema-usherettes against whom they intend to take unilateral action when the time comes. With a united policy amongst customers a much more satisfactory result will be effected. What is more,"—he dropped his voice—"a great deal of bloodshed will be avoided. We don't want bloodshed."

"Rather not," I said.

"It would be very damaging to our cause."

"It would," I said. "Tell me, how do you propose setting about the recruiting of members?"

"I've thought of that. First we shall need a nucleus of Active Members—people touched with a fanaticism, like you and me."

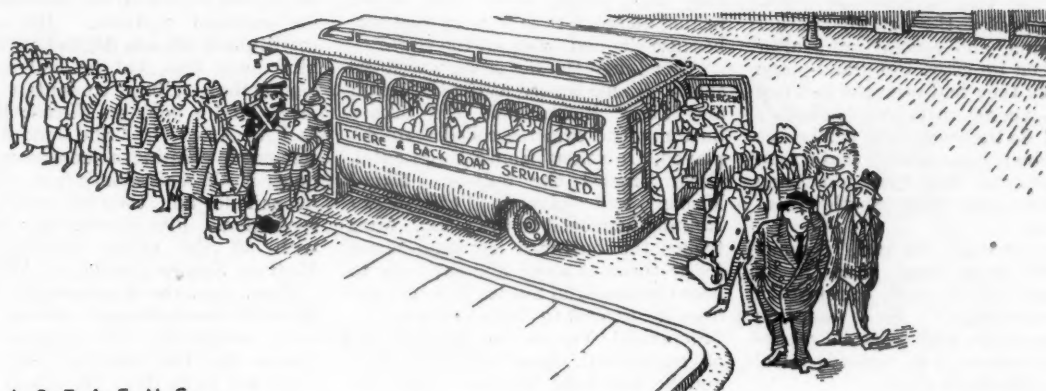
"Like—?"

"These Active Members will observe, watch for offenders, and recruit the offenders, so to speak."

"I'm afraid I don't quite—"

"Take that—that man," said Mr. Bostock, "and my *Literary Supplement* just now. An offender, definitely."





I O N I C U S

"Surely there's some limit to this 'Pass right down inside.'"

"Definitely."

"A candidate for the L.R.C.R. black-list. You agree?"

"Oh, I do."

"Right. Observation on his customers will reveal a number of offendees. All potential members of the L.R.C.R. You agree?"

I had never seen him so excited. He is the mildest man I know. The café was not overheated, but there were specks of moisture on Mr. Bostock's brow.

"Or this place," he said, screwing up the table-cloth corner—"the waitresses." He looked round, exhilarated. "What a place for an Active Member to keep observation! In fact"—he stiffened in his chair—"I think I see a potential recruit this very minute."

Over by the door a stumpy waitress with straight black hair was rating a customer soundly. People came in, she said harshly, just on closing-time, planked themselves down and expected serving on the dot with cups of tea and Welsh rabbits and chips, just as if they were Lord Muck or she didn't know who, started throwing their weight about, wanting this, wanting that—

The customer hung his head and pulled his stained hat down over his eyes. He said he understood. He knew how difficult things were. "All the same, I should be so grateful if you could possibly—"

"Think they're Lord Muck, some folks," said the waitress, stumping off towards the service door.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Bostock, his eyes flashing—"see how they lie down under it!" He snatched up the bill. "Come along, my dear boy, we must recruit him without delay!"

"No, no," I said—"there is a problem here that you have overlooked."

Mr. Bostock stared at me; then he rubbed the steam from his glasses and stared at the offende. The man's powerful frame was slumped in his chair. He had taken his hat off and was running his fingers through his thick ginger hair.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Bostock—"I'm afraid I had."

As we approached the door he turned to me nervously. "I hope you have the right money," he said. "The girl in the cash-desk is on my black-list."

But the fire had gone out of him.

J. B. B.

## Piano Buster

My friend the Psychologist says geniuses are often nuisances because of their talents fighting their desires. To prove it he quotes the case of Mischa Staatzenfitz, the great concert pianist. As a boy Mischa longed to be a prize-fighter. His mother, however, bit her nails when he brought the matter up. This was a danger-sign, so he would drop the subject and go on with his piano practice.

The outcome-tax of all this was that Mischa's strength, coupled with his repressions, caused him to bust up every piano he performed on. His touch grew so heavy that his mom decided it would pay in the long run to have a cast-iron piano made. This was done, and Mischa thereafter took the instrument around with him by courtesy of the railway companies,

who never broke it once. They only lost it. Mischa arrived at one provincial concert-hall to find that instead of his touch-proof piano they had dumped on him a crate of home-sweet-homing pigeons that gurgled at him cheekily. It was too late to do anything but make do with the ordinary stage piano and try to be careful not to turn the performance into a slapstick act.

In the audience was Oscar Bensol, the movie magnate. His ace director and talent-swotter Rube Shuntel had persuaded him to swallow his dislike of good music for once and come and see an exceptional genius who deserved a chance in movies instead of being left to the paltry rewards of a concert top-liner. Oscar listened under dutiful protest to the opening of Mischa's classical recital. Then the piano collapsed. The audience was stunned for half a breath, then a wild crack of laughter from Oscar set everybody roaring. "Take me to him!" Oscar cried. Rube took him backstage to where Mischa was being patched up by ambulance men. Oscar slapped Mischa on the back. "Wonderful, Mr. Slop-senspitz! Never since I made slopsticks do I seen such a gag. Sign him up at once, Rube, at double what he will take."

So Mischa found himself on the studio star-roll for the special job of repeating his piano-busting act in front of the cameras. So tickled was Oscar Bensol over it that he personally took the directing job away from Rube. They brought on a grand piano and Mischa bust it up after a few bars. "A good gag," said Rube, "but don't you think . . . er . . . a little more build-up?"

Oscar turned on him with "Whaddya mean, too much build-up? We don't got enough. Do it again, Mischa, only

don't let the bust-up come too quick. Mischa repeated the act on another grand piano, and several more after that. Then up came the grand-piano boy to say they had used the last one and the expense so far was nobody's business. So they went into conference and somebody remembered that a man in the carpenter shop knew something about stress and strain, so they consulted him.

"What you need," he said, "is something with more shear stress in its tensile and not so much compression in its momentum." So a cast-iron grand was made, with a special release button to collapse it by remote control from the director's chair.

At this point Mrs. Staatzenfitz got wind of what was happening, and came along, biting her nails ominously. The only thing that made her relax at all was when Mischa explained how much

they were paying him. She stayed behind at lunch-time to work this out, because she had eaten on the train.

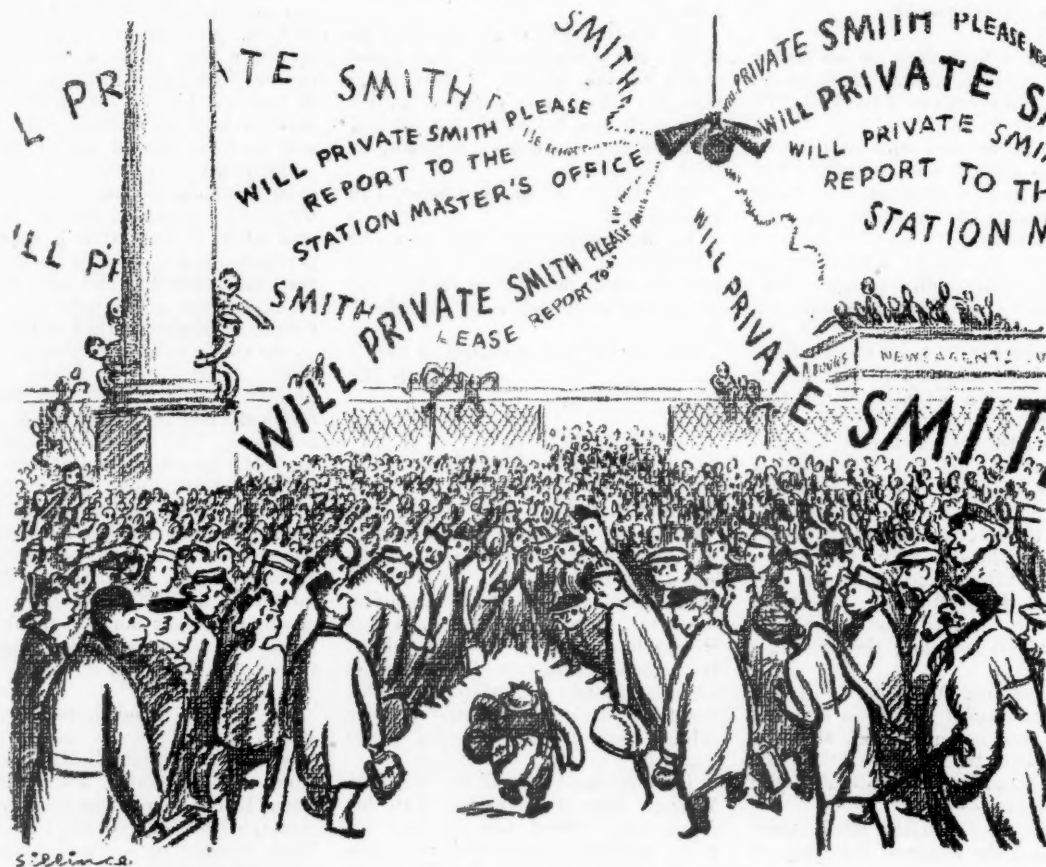
After lunch the big scene was to be shot. Mischa settled at the keyboard, and Oscar Bensol held the release button. The cameras rolled. Mischa played. On a signal from Rube Shuntel, Oscar pressed the button. *Click!* Mischa still played. *Click-click!* Nothing happened to the piano. After trying the button a few more times Oscar threw it away and sat back to hear the beautiful music. When it was over he turned to Rube, spluttering, "Slopstick! You oughta be shameful of yourself with a great artist like this!" and he beckoned Mischa towards his office to change his contract to a musical one.

Mrs. Staatzenfitz got up in a hurry to follow them, and fell over the cables. The pick-up boy picked her up. An

electrician picked up her handbag and its scattered contents. His union-conditioned reflexes did not permit of him doing this, but he had spotted among the handbag's contents a screwdriver and a book on *Electric Wiring and All About It*. "She done it!" he screamed, pointing a most provoking finger in Mischa's mom's face. She bit his nails for him, then let go of all her repressions. Five rounds they fought, with all the studio cheering like Madison Square Garden of Allah.

Now, says the Psychologist, Oscar Bensol's unconditional reflexes took over completely. He dragged both Mischa and his mom into the office. "It's my lucky day!" he cooed afterwards to the press boys. "In one day I sign up a great musician and a future world's champion woman boxer! I am so happy I could cry!"

As for Mischa, he did.



5:30 p.m.

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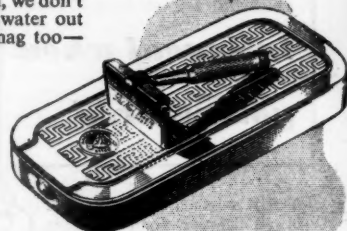
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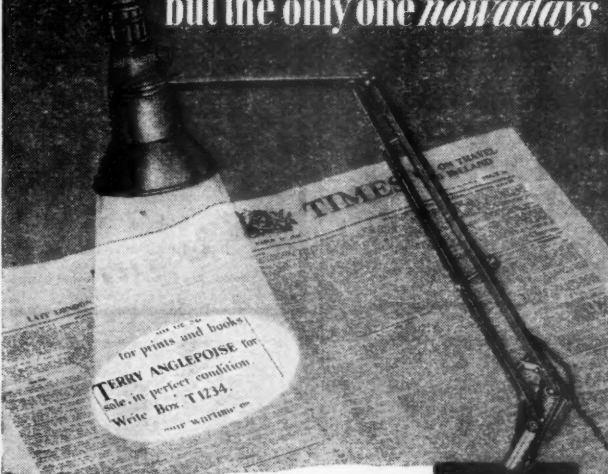
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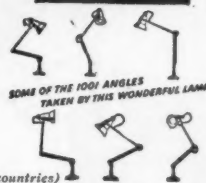
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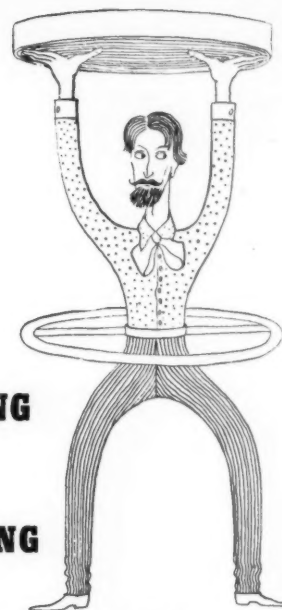
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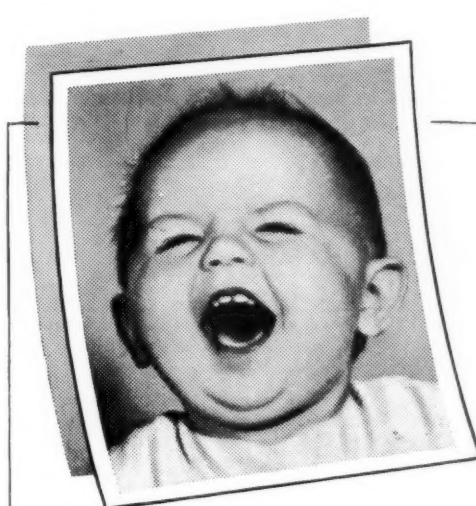


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